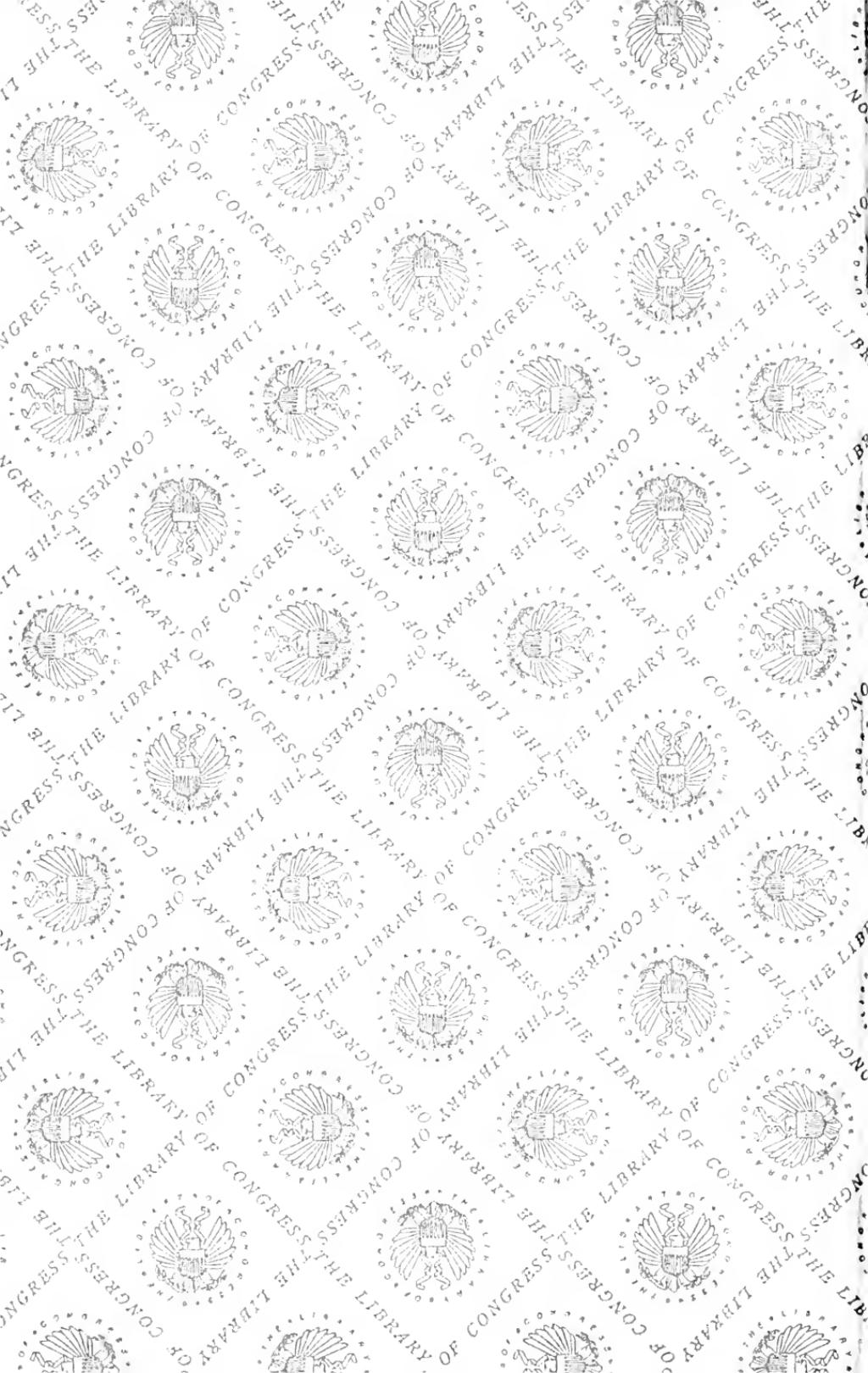
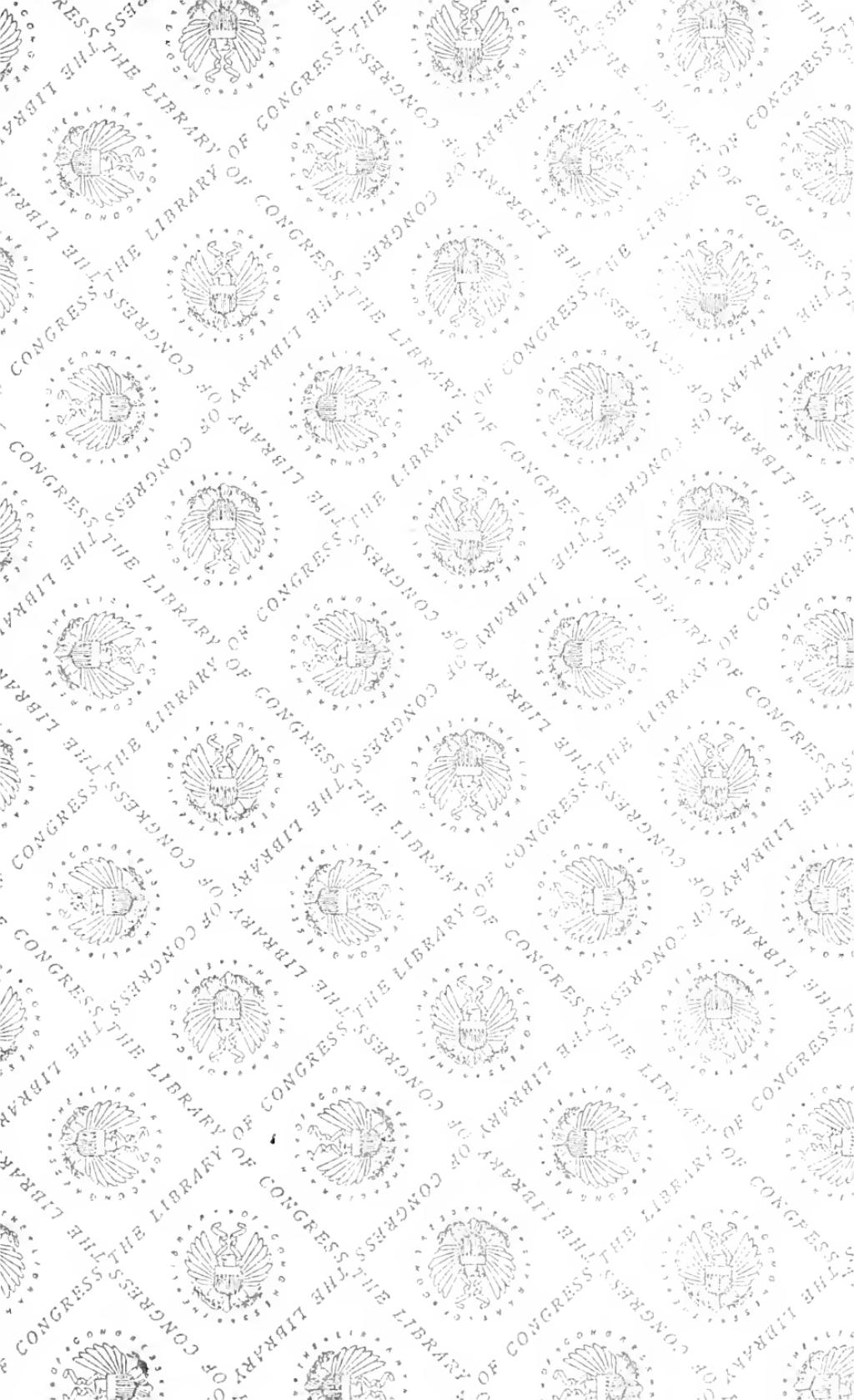


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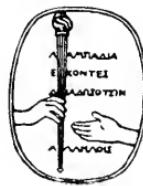




# IN VACATION AMERICA

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ILLUSTRATED BY  
HOWARD GILES



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IN VACATION AMERICA

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SALT WATER



# IN VACATION AMERICA

## I

### SALT WATER

OUR American summer is hot. To some, heat may seem implicit in the very idea of summer, but these people have not cowered over fires in the English June nor wrapped themselves in their furs during the Swiss August. Heat, in our habitual foreign playground, North Europe, is, except in occasional epoch-making years, a thing hoped for rather than felt. Young ladies in Edinburgh wear white muslin in summer though the snow flies, because they know it *is* summer. But we at home need no such fond, martyred belief in the calendar. With the coming of the July day that commemorates the declaration of our independence of Europe and of its weather we can be sure that the sun will blaze in a high, clear sky, that blue waters will lap upon shining white sands, pine woods grow fragrant and mountain valleys softly hazy with the heat; and,

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when night falls, upon a million front porches the nation will sit at ease in a climate where you can be out of doors without the fear of rheumatism.

The heat makes it our first impulse in summer to plunge straight into the cool, kindly oceans that wash our coasts, to go "to the shore," and to eat "shore dinners"—to employ the pleasant indigenous phrases. So the first impulse, in any series of articles on American holidays, is to wade at once into salt water—to write of the seaside and the sea.

Sea-bathing in this country has for decades astonished the visiting foreigner by its ease and freedom, and by the pleasant and innocent commingling of the sexes in the wave and upon the sands. "Mixed bathing" has never even existed as a phrase in our language. All bathing is mixed. In the legendary past, by going to remote Prince Edward Island in the Canadian Gulf of St. Lawrence you could find a region so British that the sexes were kept separate in the water, but it is scarcely to be supposed that such a prudish Arcadia still exists. Our native custom is to mingle freely, to sprawl for hours before and after the bath upon the sands, to indulge in races and amiable horse-play, and to see no harm in it. But just this American freedom, for the most part unknown in Europe, where they ordinarily rush straight to and from the bath, engenders our own special kind of prudishness—our care about costume.

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The other day at Atlantic City the crowd upon the beach mobbed and nearly killed a woman the skirt of whose pretty purple bathing-suit was, they considered, slashed too high. The scene suggests the palmy days of the Roman Colosseum. And the barbaric effect is heightened by the constant reports nowadays of mayors and chiefs-of-police giving orders that women whose dresses do not please them shall be burned at the stake—no, of course, only arrested. These are the moments when one feels favorably inclined to European customs; but the memory of foreign beaches, especially in that shameless Germany, persuades one that our efforts to keep some trifling excuse for a skirt upon our women are, though unduly violent, well judged.

There is actually more water in the Pacific than in the Atlantic. But the latter, being for the greater part of the country more accessible, is fuller of people, if not of salt water. The thunder of the Pacific surf comes in occasionally, even over the mountain barriers and the long stretches of land between. All along the lovely western coast, we know, lovely and agreeable Westerners disport themselves. It is only because California has so insisted upon her claims as a winter resort that most of us know her so little in summer, know so little of that cosmopolitanism of the western slope, half pine woods and half Paris. The Atlantic, furthermore,

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has upon many of us almost ancestral claims to loyalty.

The Atlantic seaboard stretches from the Floridian sands, where you can bathe even in midwinter, to the Maine rocks, where you cannot do so even in midsummer. It has every variety of climate and of social and unsocial activity. In its waves stands America, if not naked, at least unashamed, and ready for the observation of our philosophic eye.

It is probably still right to speak of the seashore as if it were the country, but, as a matter of fact, from Bar Harbor to Cape May it is almost as solidly occupied as the town. The most amazing degree of congestion is found along the Jersey coast, where for fifty miles south along the beach from Sandy Hook there runs a solid crowded street of hotels and houses, and behind them, at frequent points, colonies and towns of more hotels and houses stretching their necks, as it were, for a glimpse of water and a breath of air. The edges of Long Island and the coasts of Connecticut and Rhode Island are rapidly approaching this condition, and the famous North and South shores of the Massachusetts coast are nowadays merely lovely Bostonian suburbs. Our zeal for having summer homes outside the cities is wonderful. We cannot altogether desert business, but we hire "club cars" on the trains, and engage staterooms on steamers by the season, so that with



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SEASHORE



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no waste of time, morning or evening, we may play auction, dictate letters to our secretaries, or, with other millionaires, form combinations in restraint of trade. Thus we commute incredible distances and spread our great cities thin over all the adjacent states.

The American seaside, with its enormous population, has something majestic and almost frightening about it. It gives you a vision of the vastness of our country, its wealth, its teeming millions. Atlantic City alone, for example, could quite suffice for France, were it transported across the Atlantic; and Asbury Park would accommodate Belgium and Holland—with suitable alterations to please the tastes of the jaded inhabitants of continental Europe. We over-crowd dozens of such places at the slightest notice and upon the slightest provocation, and have, besides, a hundred others.

The Jersey coast is, on the whole, the most popular part of the American seashore, the most characteristic, the most democratic, the most intensely American. It has no natural advantages, but it has its nearness to the sea and, which is more important, to Philadelphia and New York. How near New York it is may be illustrated by an event which happened a few years ago on the beach before a charming house at Seabright. One lovely morning there floated in with the dawn a baby elephant,

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lately deceased at Coney Island, across the waters of the Bay!

To catalogue the Jersey coast is like cataloguing America. Nothing proves this better than that, starting in from the north, one must begin at once with a great Jewish settlement. If not the leading, the Hebrew is one of the leading races of New York. To find it in complete possession of historic Long Branch and Elberon need really surprise no one. It need surely irritate no one, either. If the Jew be socially “pushing,” as he is often alleged to be, it is odd that he should thus segregate himself and content himself to “push,” if at all, among his own race.

Let us begin with Long Branch. Long Branch has memories. The odd little gilded domes, like those of a Russian church, still mark what were once the great gambling-rooms. And here and there hotels and cottages have the odd look peculiar to the architecture of the middle of the last century. Elberon still keeps its air of old-fashioned distinction, with the earliest examples of “artistic” architecture in the country sitting calmly on broad, smooth, velvety lawns. It is hard to realize that in the late fifties Long Branch itself was an upstart watering-place, daring to rival Rockaway, where the “Marine Pavilion” (delightful hotel name!) had been for years the seaside resort of New York’s best so-

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ciety. The Jersey resort's fortune was made when President Grant accepted the gift of a cottage there, and came to drive along the front in a barouche drawn by four horses. This seems, in face of the modesty of equipage now prevalent in administration circles, magnificent. But, on the other hand, probably none even of our Cabinet ladies would consider, as Mrs. Grant was reported to have done, that she had fully discharged the duties of hospitality in offering the visitor, who had "dropped in" of an evening, a "simple soda-cracker." Perhaps it was the President's cottage which gave something of a political tone to Long Branch. The people who went there were important rather than fashionable. They were of the nobility of Tammany and of that large class which has always existed in New York, rich, fond of expensive dress and good living, but with no pretense whatever to being "in society." They supported the gambling-club (from the contaminating influences of which they chivalrously protected the ladies by excluding them) and the races at Monmouth Park. They have vanished now, and Long Branch and Elberon would have gone to seed completely were it not for this later Oriental invasion. Now the hotels go briskly, with the admirable cuisine upon which the prosperous American Jew insists everywhere. As to the kind of resort he builds when he starts afresh, attention is requested

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to Deal Beach, just south. It would be hard to match anywhere in the world the succession of summer palaces which line the main road southward. Even Newport has nothing to rival the extravagance of these villas.

What exclusiveness there is on the Jersey coast is mostly Hebraic. South of Deal you enter into a great good-natured American welter of all classes of the community, more exhilarating and stimulating to some observers than the merely fashionable life of any race can be. Great cities now crowd the sea-front, and green trees become almost as rare as horses in Venice. Poor nature is not asked to provide, unaided, the amusements which summer humanity craves. The majestic and hitherto untamed surges of the Atlantic bow in amazed admiration before gigantic piers which bear aloft "whirlwind vaudeville" and "one-step" dancing, the wild music for which pulsates in the soft, warm night. Theaters and "movies" abound. Lion-tamers and snake-charmers and curio-shops flourish. Thousands stroll up and down the front or swing contentedly in rocking-chairs under great municipal shelters kept for ever littered with peanut-shells and crumpled cast-off copies of the yellow journals. All through the day thousands enter the surf. Here in the waves democracy comes into its own. There is but one kind of exclusiveness (and this is an exclusiveness

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which from another point of view is great generosity): both Atlantic City and Asbury Park provide "Jim Crow" sections of the beach, and special bath-houses, from which the Afro-American, a comic but often agreeable sight, emerges for his dip.

At Asbury Park the "turkey trot" when it arrived was not thought well of. Boys and girls labored in the dance as in agony under this restraint of public opinion; they obviously knew the trot and loved it well. But they were perhaps happy in the consciousness that they were striking that note of "refinement" which is so characteristic a feature of our American life—which is, indeed, our chief vulgarity. The refined note blends in an exquisite harmony with the home note, for which, indeed, we are justly famous. The English, equally famous for it, advertise constantly the possibility of securing at the seaside "a home from home." An Asbury Park hotel-keeper, possibly in secret cynically doubtful (as some of us are at times) as to the real comfort of a home, advertises a "table *better* than mother's"—an extraordinarily artful attack, it seems to the writer, upon "mother."

The home note almost inevitably has to do with home cooking. It was at Atlantic City that a female purchaser of "patty irons" was returning them as unmanageable to a magnificent lady demonstrator. The latter rather scornfully put the re-

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jected irons to the test, and in public view at once produced beautiful crisp, brown patties. The complainant stood meditative and slightly abashed. Then she jerked her shoulder, a little angrily, at the weary husband who accompanied her.

“Well, maybe it’s because he ain’t well,” she explained to the surrounding group, “and I had to try to make them patties with diabetic flour—!”

The home note is not, however, dependent on such minor matters as cuisine. The climax of Asbury Park’s season, the frenzied, passionate moment of its pursuit of pleasure, is, if you please, the famous baby-parade, where thousands of blameless infants are entered in competition. There is something at once preposterously comic and incredibly touching in this adaptation of the carnival to the needs of a nation really simple, home-loving, and not really fête-keeping. The baby-parade is in some mysterious way under the patronage of a Queen of Carnival, Titania. (Her ways did not always please Oberon. Is she perhaps not quite the person for Asbury Park to countenance?) The Asbury Park carnival has existed so long now that another very characteristic American institution has become possible, a congress—of ex-Queens of Carnival!

In the late seventies and early eighties Asbury Park, by contrast with its neighbor, Ocean Grove, was thought “fast,” at least so the professional news-

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paper humorists of that time used to say. Ocean Grove's grimness has softened a little with the years, but it still remains an admirable example of a kind of resort invented by us here in America and existing only here. It is essentially a "camp-meeting" ground, and it combines the pursuit of both pleasure and salvation. Its gaieties become almost uncontrollable in August, when the oratorio of "The Messiah" is sung at the Auditorium and a "Venetian Night" takes place on Wesley Lake, the waters of which a sterner earlier generation of Methodists might have thought would refuse to support such an un-Wesleyan craft as a gondola! There is much philosophy to be extracted from Ocean Grove, but there is more, later, to be drawn from Chautauqua, where education has been added to pleasure and salvation as a goal. But the reader should not meditate scoffingly upon Ocean Grove, for a mere sea-bathing place which in this capacious way can synthesize so many of the great and serious tendencies of a country is not to be taken lightly.

As to Atlantic City, the pen fairly itches to attack it—if that figure of speech be either polite or possible. But Atlantic City is deathless; it goes through no period of hibernation, and it must be reserved for treatment when we come to speak of winter days. It will be better to turn back and go eastward and northward from New York.

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Long Island's only real claim to merit is that it causes Long Island Sound. It is itself a stretch of country of extreme dullness, becoming, near New York, poignantly desolate. But its proximity to the metropolis makes it the arena, as it were, of some of our most violent social activities. Its northern and inland regions are, however, really autumn, spring, and even winter resorts. We may at once, therefore, hasten to its south shore, and to Southampton. This south shore is, for Long Island, a comparatively pretty region. There are sand-dunes, there are the Shinnecock Hills, and there is the great wind from the Atlantic blowing nobly over the land. The villages themselves are pleasant old settlements with a lingering air of colonial days. But, God bless us, these are not Southampton's preoccupations.

Southampton is the briskest, gayest, newest power in the world of fashion. She announces calmly that Newport has had its day. She has the parties, one every minute, and all on the high-speed clutch of pleasure. Best of all for her, in the kind of Balkan warfare in which she is engaged, she has the men. Proximity to the great cities makes it easier to get men, who, like fresh vegetables, are always easier to find in town than in the country. Bar Harbor, in the remote northeast, faces a crisis if her supply of men less than seventy years old cannot be increased. And Newport secretly knows that she has

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become too dependent on callow boys of twenty. There is, happily, no hope of a leisure class in our country. And the real men of business, worth talking to and worth marrying, prefer a journey of two hours to one of six or eighteen. The war is on, and Southampton shows youth, vigor, and courage. But the older places have an immense reserve capital of prestige and of the best-known names; so the end is not yet.

The long, lovely reaches of Long Island Sound have made possible the sport of yachting. In most places in the world the motor-boat has almost completely displaced the sailing-craft. But in the Sound this is not yet so. On a fine day the white wings flutter forth from the deep coves of the island's north shore and from the harbors of the mainland; on such days as those of the Larchmont Regatta it would be almost impossible to say whether the sea view was more sapphire-blue water or snow-white canvas. When August comes, the yachts stream eastward to New London, where the stately Thames comes down to salt water. Here is the rendezvous of the great summer cruise of the New York Yacht Club past Newport and around the Cape to Marblehead, which brings new gaiety to all these eastern waters.

If the reader's yacht is in commission he will find it the pleasantest conveyance to Newport. But the

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train will take him there. And on the train he will at once see an indication that it is not entirely the love of cool airs and of blue skies and of the pleasures of the countryside which is luring his fellow-passengers to the summer capital. A famous weekly journal of society, nowadays not considered the best form elsewhere, is the chief reading on the afternoon express. Not all who read so passionately in the parlor-car of Newport's gaieties can later be observed quite in the heart of them. But this fact is eminently significant. The interest felt in Newport society by those in it is doubtless keen; but it can never be so keen as that felt by those not in it. By this is not meant unhappy social strugglers, if these delightful creatures of fiction really do exist, but the countless newspaper-readers, largely in the West, who have neither wish nor expectation ever to tread the sands of Bailey's Beach, but are for all that never one instant out of touch with the activities of our "very best people." Theirs is indeed a Newport it would be pleasant to visit, where the feet on the bathing-sands are constantly cut by the diamonds and rubies dropped there by careless queens of fashion, where rakes and lovely female *débauchées* are constantly pledging one another in the wine-cup, and where hot-breathed foreign noblemen for ever skulk upon the trail of heiresses like the wild beasts of the jungle. The sands are, as a matter of fact,

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unlittered by gems, the consumption of mineral waters is amazing, and the foreign noblemen eat from the hand.

Newport is our greatest invention in watering-places. There is nothing at all like it anywhere else in the world. At first glance Coney Island would appear to many people more characteristically American, and Newport indeed a mere snobbish imitation of Europe. But if there is anything like Newport abroad, it has escaped at least the present writer's notice, whereas something very like the admirable Coney he could duplicate in several quarters of the globe. Newport is the only watering-place in the world where there are no hotels and no hotel life, no fashionable promenade, no scene of gaiety accessible to the stranger for an admission fee. On ordinary mornings the tourist penetrating the Casino might see a few young people in flannels playing tennis, and a scant dozen of their elders dropping in for a moment to say good morning or to deliver some message. He might with extra-good luck observe one of the queens of fashion drinking an orangeade. That would be, with the single exception of tennis week, about all he would observe. He would, of course, be free to walk the weary length of Bellevue Avenue between clipped green hedges, and see the pleasant Newport houses —only a few of them are "palaces." But nobody

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would be stirring in the houses and no one walking in the Avenue. An occasional motor would roll by, that is all. He could also take that pretty walk along the cliffs and see more pleasant houses—still only a few of them “palaces.” He might, if the fates so incline, perhaps see a fashionable footman at the window; he could scarcely hope for the butler. He might, if it pleased him, watch people come to and from the beach—a dull amusement. By night he could see the Avenue whirring at half past eight, the dinner hour. And, strolling through the night, he might here and there observe lines of motors waiting under the shadowy trees, and even hear dance music beating in the calm, soft darkness. Newport presents, in fact, a singular impression of quietness, of distinction, of an existence not wholly in the public eye.

If ladies in Newport are not much in the public eye, they are, nevertheless, we may feel assured, very much and very constantly in some eye, preferably male. Perhaps this is accomplished as pleasantly as anywhere at Bailey’s Beach, which, though a rendezvous at the most crowded moments of only a couple of hundred people, is still the best rendezvous. The bathing-suits are extraordinarily pretty, and no lady feels that one need last her the whole season. There are pleasant dark colors, black with rich green or blue or purple. And there are shin-



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ing “confections” of apple-green and faint rose-pink and lavender. It has been discovered that lace, if necessary, can brave the surf. And there are now queer water-proof flowers which can fasten a bodice or adorn a cap. It is pleasant to enter the sea with such lovely creatures; it is pleasant to sit upon its adjacent sands with others equally lovely whose filmy silk and lace and muslin frocks rival the bathing-suits in charm. It is pleasant to repair from their side to a large lunch—if not large in number of guests, at least large in quantity of food. It will be pleasant later to go to a larger dinner and a still larger ball.

“Entertaining” is in Newport merely part of the day’s work. There are so many houses, so much food, so many *chefs*, so much champagne and mineral water, that the difficulty is almost greater in finding guests for the parties than in finding parties for the guests. This permits the hostess to be relegated to an inferior and suppliant position, and allows the very finest flowering of the new manners, which are always easy and informal and are founded upon the essential fact about parties, that they are intended wholly for the pleasure and convenience of the guest. A charming débutante at noon begged a hostess to allow her to come to dine that evening. There was a big party at eight-thirty. At eight-forty-five the hostess received a little note saying

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the débutante was *so sorry*, she found she couldn't dine. It is to be presumed that at seven-thirty she heard of a better party and—*noblesse oblige!* Another evening a guest arrived late for an eight-o'clock dinner. The hostess, a poor, old-fashioned creature, thought to ease the culprit's situation by saying, "Oh, my dear, I suppose you thought it was a half-past-eight dinner." The lady turned on her sharply and said, coldly, "Not at all. I knew it was eight o'clock, but it is only a quarter to nine now!"

There are things in Newport softer than its manners (though all its manners are not like that). The climate and the landscape are both gentle, permitting hedges to thrive and gardens to come to beautiful maturity. And the old town, the pretty provincial capital that the French officers during the Revolution found so gay and so civilized, still keeps its polite air. Early in its history it grew rich trading in rum and slaves and settled down to an easy, luxurious existence in these mild, salt airs. In the first half of the last century, rich Southern planters began to come here; indeed, they discovered Newport before Boston or New York, and perhaps gave it some of the amenity of tone which lingers. The navy still enlivens it, fills its streets with jolly tars and dashing officers. Great warships lie off its harbor, their grim gray decks gay with flowers and bunting and lovely young girls and

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midshipmen fox-trotting. Newport is historic; it gives you strongly the sense of how long we have been idle and pleasure-loving in America, and of how hard at it we still are.

Part of Newport is the trip to Narragansett Pier, and Narragansett, of course, returns the compliment. In the classic days of the last century the pier was one of the early cocktail-drinking centers of the country, and was popularly supposed to be generally going at a pace which Newport regarded with public disapproval and secret envy. All this dashing reputation seems to have passed away, though its renown for the beauty of its women still persists, and goddesses from Baltimore and Philadelphia still tread its sands. Narragansett is now a serious sportsman's place, the summer's greatest polo-playing center. The roads near by clatter with ponies' hoofs, and are alive with athletic, brown-skinned young men rushing to and fro in motors. There are games every day; the lovely green fields, with their view of blue water, grow gay with the bright coats of the players, while the club inclosure for spectators flowers like a parterre of tulips.

It is very pleasant, this corner by Narragansett Bay, before we turn the Cape and definitely go north. Off in the sun-warmed sea lie Block Island, famous for deep-sea fishing and lack of mosquitoes; Marthas Vineyard, crowded with pleasant, simple

summer people; and the outpost Nantucket—a grassy, wind-swept island where houses of whalers still exist, with strange foreign gimeracks in the parlor, and where there was—and probably still is—a town crier. And here, on the south shore, is a toy village, Siasconset, where a glorified sort of “light housekeeping” goes on and the actress secures her coat of tan. The guide-book of 1855, when people did not travel so far afield for their holidays, speaks of it as the “Saratoga of the Island,” and alleges that it is resorted to by the rich inhabitants of Nantucket!

With Cape Cod you definitely leave New York and its influence behind—no matter how many New-Yorkers may say they live there. It is a long spit of sands; at Provincetown, among the dunes, all the earth for the gardens has been carefully fetched from the mainland. Its quaint villages, its cranberry-bogs, its huckleberries, its roads which ought only to be traversed in a “buggy,” are all authentically of Massachusetts. Even the Portuguese who inhabit Provincetown, the Cape’s tip, seem to belong there. It is a country in which to eat clam chowder and to remember that, in his day, the great Daniel Webster was the best cook of it in all New England.

They say that the difference between the North and South shores is that on the first you must, and on the second you need not, dress for dinner. And it is alleged that the dressing is made necessary by

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the presence of Western millionaires, who thus testify to an uneasy desire to make sure that they were right in *not* going to Newport. There is something very significant in this descent of the West upon the coasts of culture. The Guide Book of 1855 says of Nahant that "the refined and intelligent character of its visitors makes it indeed a peerless resort." Some such thought as this still flares like a beacon, lighting the rude pilgrims of the West to the Athenian countryside. When they first came they encountered difficulties which at once irritated and exhilarated them. There were, for example, plain-appearing maiden ladies, dressed in black silks and bonnets, and not rich, every one said, who quite refused to part with the choice bits of land on which stood their summer cottages for all the gold of Pittsburg. And there were quiet people, with those odd Boston names, who didn't seem to care to dine out. "Pride's Crossing" was perhaps not ill-named! Now things are easier; the Bostonians are coming to like the smell of new money and to enjoy the greater kindness and zest of living that have come out of the breezier West.

As the train starts "down east" from Portland you will note that, instead of the copies of the society weekly purveyed to those on the road to Newport, to Bar Harbor pilgrims are offered checkerberry lozenges. Munching them—if you have the cour-

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age of your convictions—you can catch the full flavor of the long Maine journey through the pines to the romantic greenwood island of Mount Desert—you crunch between your teeth, as it were, the sense of its remoteness, of its cool, clean air, of its American tone, as authentically indigenous as the lozenges. Man has built extensively upon this rocky Maine coast, without considerably altering its aspect. They have developed there a fashion in houses, in no sense to be called a style of architecture, which in some happy way suits the woods and cliffs. It is really only comfortable carpentry, a piling of square boxes. But the colors which the almost universally shingled sides and roofs take on—green, leaf-brown, or lichen-gray—blend almost indistinguishably with the rocks and woods. This is as it should be; God did so much for the region that the less man does the better.

Even Bar Harbor, the island's chief center of civilization and luxury, still keeps the feeling of simplicity, the kind of deference to Nature and her ways which is really one of the prettiest and most winning of our American qualities. The Bar Harbor hotels are piquantly expensive, but their elegance (it unquestionably exists) is managed in a very low key of careful simplicity—they smell of pine shingles. People still walk in Bar Harbor—the enthusiastic inhabitants tell you that there are

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over one hundred miles of footpaths on the island, and they would appear to be urging you to traverse every inch of them. In the freshness of a late August or September morning it would be hard not to wish to join some of the pleasant bands starting forth, even the young women equipped with business-like walking-sticks. They still drive the quaint and delightful horse, of which some fine specimens are to be seen by the curious traveler. But here at last we are in a real storm-center—all questions concerning the island of Mount Desert sink into insignificance compared with the question of the motor-car.

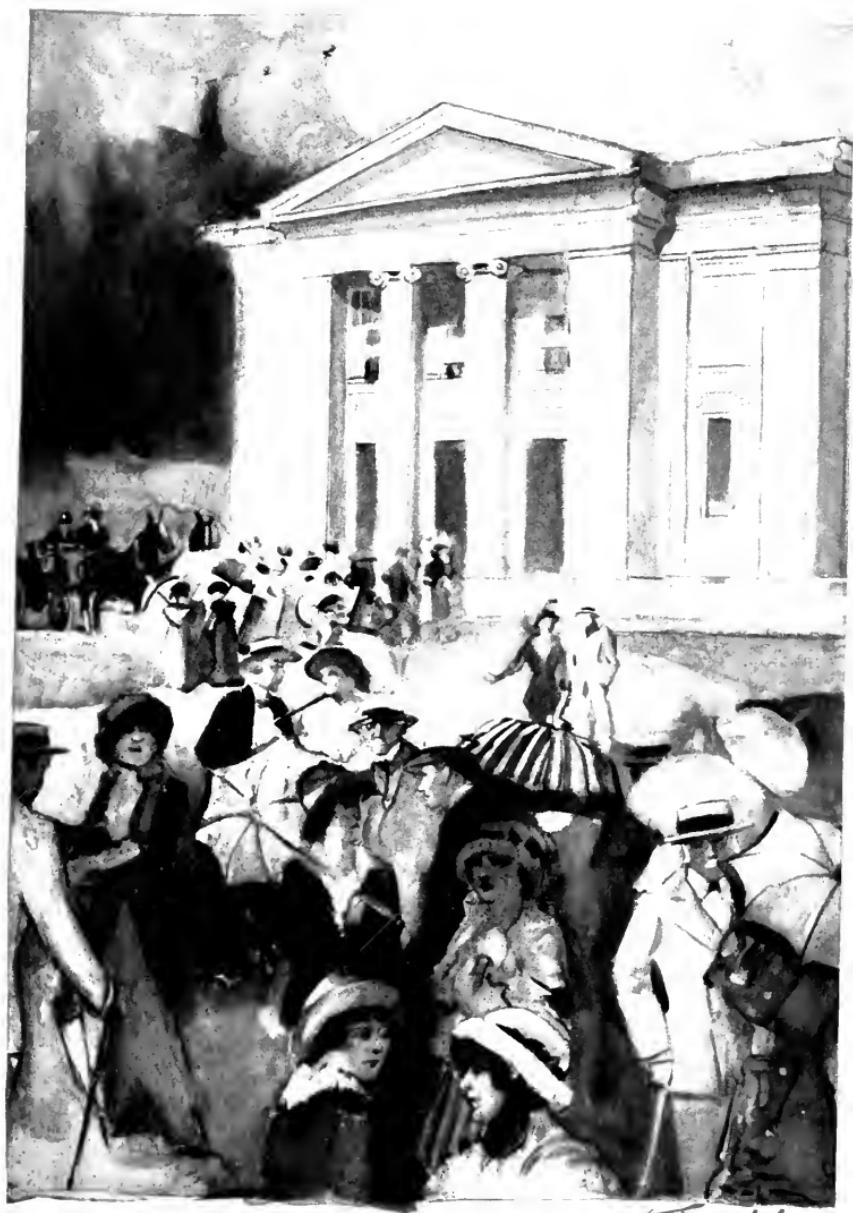
Until a year or two ago the horse, upon this island, was the uncrowned king. Motors were excluded, and old gentlemen who, upon the mainland, would have worked themselves into a frenzy against modern innovations, rocked tranquilly upon verandas or drove to and fro in trim “cut-unders” of “natural-wood” finish. Then the “native” vote decided to admit automobiles—it was as if the barriers to the Faubourg St.-Germain were down. It was said that this proceeded from an unholy thirst for the motorists’ gold, but it is more probable that the villagers, already enriched by years of city patronage, were determined to ride in motors themselves. They manifest, however, every wish to attract the new “touring trade.” One hotel advertises, “Tour-

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ists can drive to side entrance, go to a room and clean up before mingling with guests.” Is this not naïvely attributing to motorists a delightful but rare delicacy of feeling? Meanwhile a Homeric controversy rages as to the effect motors have had upon the village’s prosperity, and at the other end of the island, Seal Harbor and Northeast Harbor, firm in the older faith, exist in the proud unmotored seclusion which must distinguish Lhasa in the rarefied air of the Thibetan plateau.

Wherewith we make an easy transition to the question of Bar Harbor’s air and climate, which are, even more than the beauty of mountains and valleys, its lures. There is, let it be frankly admitted, fog at Bar Harbor. A characteristic native story is of some shinglers at work upon a barn who found, when the dense fog lifted, that they had shingled three feet beyond the roof’s edge! But for the most part the air is an amazing compound of mountain and sea, pine and salt, with that tonic quality so optimistically alleged (by teetotalers mostly) to be “like champagne.” You cannot be very hot in this Maine air. What is more, it would seem that you cannot die in it. The place teems with the aged rich. They bring them up, almost on stretchers, in the early summer. They send them down in the autumn, merry as larks and ready for a hard winter in town. For them (while the young people play



11.7. '14

LIKE A GREEK TEMPLE ON A GREEN SLOPE OF PARNASSUS



## SALT WATER

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tennis or swim in a pool which slightly mitigates the rigors of the bath) art flourishes mildly here among the pines. A detachment from the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays the classics, and then, with almost willing resignation, for a half-hour before lunch the latest fox-trots, to which the young dance vigorously. A little outside the village stands a really beautiful theater, like a Greek temple on a green slope of Parnassus, where at intervals concerts, plays, masques, and pretty open-air dancing are to be seen. You drive away from them as the sun sets beyond the unspoiled sylvan country. The air is crisp and cool. You know you will dine with pleasant, well-bred, respectable people, and that you will willingly go early to bed. The Maine life is, in short, that famous "simple life" luxuriously lived, the return to nature with a good *chef* and a carriage and pair. It is sane and health-giving; and it is, thank fortune, sometimes a little dull. For dullness gives you time to thread the woods, to climb the hills, to see the clear, cold water lapping on the granite shores, and to watch the canopy of stars by night. These islands scattered so profusely in this northern sea are in themselves the prettiest thing the Atlantic coast has to show. Again, it must be repeated that the best thing we have done to them is to spoil them so little.

Indeed, salt water, the great ocean always beating

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upon our coast, is too vast for us to spoil. Even where we congregate most thickly by its edge, the sea itself we do not change. Its breakers curl over as majestically at Atlantic City as if they rolled in upon the untrodden sands of some South Sea isle. They invite us not only to coolness, but to some serenity of spirit. They send us back to life—for life is, for most of us, the town—ready to endure the winter—which, after all, allows hardly more than sufficient time for the bathing-suit to become dry enough to be put on for next summer's swim.

# **FRESH WATER AND INLAND VALLEYS**



## II

### FRESH WATER AND INLAND VALLEYS

FOR the summer holidays America is equipped with two of the very best oceans, and in addition she is furnished with most of the fresh water in the world. The comparison here is made directly with Europe—for statistics as to the flow of the Amazon, the Zambesi, or the Yang-tse-Kiang are of no importance in planning the ordinary six weeks' vacation. Europe has a few rivers which have been dredged till they will float a rowboat, and an occasional lake where a slow steamer, if it stops often enough, may make a six hours' run, while America is intersected by great rivers, dotted with lakes which are like dew upon the green countryside, and bounded along its northern frontier by blue inland seas, the noblest bodies of fresh water in the world.

In proud simplicity we call them merely the Great Lakes, but familiarity has perhaps made us lose something of that romantic boastful quality in the phrase which a foreigner might catch as he

## IN VACATION AMERICA

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stood for the first time in his life on a beach by water that was not salt and strained his eyes toward a distant landless horizon. They are indeed the Great Lakes of the world, and the cataract where they pour their waters toward their last brother, Ontario, and the distant great river which at last carries them seaward to a worthy rival, the Atlantic, is the world's Great Falls.

Niagara is the spectacular center of the whole great system of fresh waters flowing toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was for a century the country's one Great Sight. No visiting foreigner dreamed of missing it, no American in foreign parts would have dared call himself an American unless he could tell how he had seen his land's greatest wonder toss its iridescent spray on high. "See Niagara first" was the unformulated maxim of those earlier days—the writer himself as a boy heard a briskly patriotic lady refuse a trip abroad solely on the plea that she had never seen Niagara Falls!

There was something almost sacramental in the trip. Marriage, indeed, was scarcely legal or decent unless the visit to the altar was immediately supplemented by a trip to Niagara. Those were the days when the honeymoon was "what it used to be." Over Niagara's gorge and rushing waters it hung benignantly, always at its full. And in the corridors

## FRESH WATER

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of the Falls hotels the miserable unmarried for ever bruised their feet upon Hymeneal rice. The “funny columns” of the newspapers could not have existed without the Niagara wedding-trip.

There was, indeed, a whole cataract literature, and even before you made their personal acquaintance you knew all about the Falls. You were already familiar with the name and style of every hotel and its rates (always “American plan”). You knew in which one it was possible, by an ingenious and agreeable contrivance of mirrors, to see the Falls even while dining. You had heard at home discussions among the more nervous as to the probability of sleep in hostelries too near the cataract’s roar. You were warned in advance against every wile and extortion of the famous robber-hackmen. And you knew already the fact—at once piquant and intolerable—that there was literally no spot affording even the remotest glimpse of the Falls accessible without the payment of an admission fee. Indeed, so “brought up on” Niagara was every American of the old stock that something very like a sense of a previous existence by its side must have seized upon him as he arrived and tightened his money-belt at the station.

All this is no more. Fashions change in natural scenery as in everything else, and the “enterprising and cultivated tourist” who, according to the

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quaint 1855 Guide Book to American resorts could not fail to visit Niagara, might now miss it with an easier conscience. The village streets are no longer faintly fragrant of orange blossoms, the brigands and their hacks are under municipal control, and the Falls themselves are nowadays to be observed gratis from every kind of national or state or Canadian park. The expenses of the visit are now wholly within the bounds of reason. But the old wild charm of extravagance, conflict, and adventure is gone. Shorn of something of their traditional glamour, the Falls now present themselves more baldly, to borrow from the rather cynical and acidulated phraseology of the present writer's grandfather, as, "after all, only water flowing over a precipice." (One is reminded of Halleck's satirical poem on Niagara in which

The tailor made one single note,  
"Gods, what a place to sponge a coat!"

For the present-day tourist there is, in short, nothing left except the appalling natural beauty of the great cataract—that and the faintly lingering memories of its more romantic past.

As to the beauty of green water, rock and spray, and the majesty of the river's plunge into the abyss, nothing more can be done here than to recall for the reader something of his own first tremendous

## FRESH WATER

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impression. There was once, back in the twenties of the last century, a man who fell in love with the Falls, a queer, vagrant, poetical English gentleman named Francis Abbott, who lingered long amorous months by their side till at last he won Niagara to some kind of watery bridal in the Whirlpool Rapids. Though the useless tragedy of his death is pitiful enough, yet his life and the kind of spell the great waters cast upon him make a pleasant whimsical page of local history; his ghost, clad in the picturesque fashion of that earlier day, would be now the best possible companion for rambles near the cataract.

The other ghosts which one might imagine haunting the great gorge would for the most part be engaged in various preposterous deeds of daring. Sam Patch—whose name now sounds like a comic invention—made some of his most famous leaps here. And the celebrated Blondin, if he is now remembered at all, is best remembered for his crossing of Niagara's chasm upon a tight-rope. Below, in the turmoil of waters, various aquatic heroes have guided the tiny *Maid of the Mist* to the very foot of the Falls, or, inclosed in strange harnessings, cast themselves into the rapids—if indeed they had not already attempted to go over the Falls in barrels or other protective gear.

Going over the Falls has always been tempting,

## IN VACATION AMERICA

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both as a pastime and as a spectacle. Some fifteen to twenty thousand people once gathered to see the schooner *Michigan* slide to destruction over the cataract, and were much diverted by the antics of the animals placed on board, which in some instinctive way seemed to know their danger—such was the pretty, humane taste of the period. The Niagara River, though short, is a stream of richly varied life. Along its course fantastic deeds have been done and fantastic projects have flourished—one of the earliest was the famous Major Noah's plan for building upon Grand Island an ideal city for the Jewish population of the country. Its course may still be found to be through Utopia.

West from Buffalo huge ships go through the inland seas of summer-land, past the vine-clad islands of Lake Erie, the wines of which keep alive a cheap cult of Bacchus in the Middle West, past Put-in-Bay, with its brave naval memories, up the beautiful straits by Detroit, through Lake St. Clair and its famous “flats” dotted with fishing and shooting club-houses and bungalows, into the broader reaches of Huron, toward the gay, romantic island of Mackinac, where one may easily recapture something of the atmosphere of Indians, fur-traders, and the old French missionaries and *voyageurs*, or, if one prefers, sit comfortably in a hotel rocking-chair and see the whole summer pleasure traffic of this north-

## FRESH WATER

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western world go by along the cross-roads of the Lakes.

From Mackinac—Michilimackinac (it is pleasant sometimes to give it its full title)—you may choose to go on to that great upper lake, Superior, deep reservoir of waters, or south along Michigan to the smoky metropolis of the West. It is a huge fresh-water world of vacation idlers, popular indeed without being exactly fashionable or famous. Few people, for example, would name the lower peninsula of Michigan as one of the great holiday regions of the land. Yet, with gentle sand beaches behind which lie peach-orchards, it represents for a whole mid-western and southwestern people a cheap and accessible shore to which they flock by thousands. Even Chicago itself, little as it might suggest itself to most of us as a summer resort, has its own clientele from the South and Southwest who establish themselves in suburban hotels by the lake's edge and give themselves up alternately to town pleasures and the magic of blue waters.

Below Niagara and past Ontario the waters of the Lakes sweep into the most lordly of American rivers, the St. Lawrence, at whose beginning is scattered the lovely archipelago of the Thousand Islands, a labyrinth of clear channels upon which skiffs float and brisk motor-boats are always dashing on their way toward remoter fishing-grounds and picnic

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lunches. The island region is not really wild, still it has a pretty semblance of the wilderness. But its chief charm is probably that it seems to offer so freely fulfilment of one of childhood's dreams, a dream which does not fade with age, that of living proudly upon a small island of one's very own. There is something quite unreasonably attractive about the crowded islets around Alexandria Bay, the capital of the archipelago, where so many gentlemen—doubtless in ordinary life quite ordinary fellows—sit monarchs of their own domain. And if you cannot yourself be a king, it is something to be an envious tourist outside the royal gates.

The envious tourist generally floats away down the St. Lawrence, shoots the rapids, and finds himself, before he knows it, in Montreal and Quebec, in that foreign America which is one of the pleasantest new discoveries of the holiday-maker. The main St. Lawrence route is, of course, an old and beaten track, if one may put it that way. But the enterprising and adventurous now bring in tales of tiny villages of an older world which have for centuries slept in summer sun and winter frost along that lower course of the great river, *doux pays de France* such as it is now hard to find in that real France across the sea. Campers and sportsmen push their way north from the St. Lawrence toward the iron coast of Labrador. Farther east from the Maine

## FRESH WATER

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frontier we have begun to overrun the fair Acadian land, to reach the proud military and naval post of Halifax, and, beyond, the historic island of Cape Breton and remotest Newfoundland, famous for fish and game and for that amazing port and claret which, so legend has it, still lie in the cellars of St. John's. One of the pleasantest of the facts of the revised geography is that the United States is bounded on the north by England and France, as it is on the south by Spain.

The possession of the greatest lakes has not prevented us from making the most of the smallest. One of these tiny patches of water with which the writer made friends as a boy had even then undergone a delightful and significant change of name. It had started as the Little Pond—there was somewhere in the county a Big Pond, now dried up. Then, as its position by the new railroad gave it added importance, it became just The Pond. As such it sustained a few rowboats and was the occasional resort of rural lovers; it advanced to being Geauga Pond. And finally, when it became the favorite goal of excursionists from the city, it proudly called itself Geauga Lake, and seemed to vie with the neighboring Erie. Its history is doubtless that of innumerable insignificant pond-holes all over the country—and with them as with it everything was owed to that great national institu-

tion, the Sunday-school picnic. To satisfy the increasing needs of Sunday-schools, the land was in those mid-decades of the century explored and opened up, and in the process millions of the children of the city got their first lesson in the beauties of the countryside. Do Sunday-school picnics still give the same fine, careless rapture as of old, one wonders, or are town children nowadays too familiar with rural joys? There was the delicious early-morning start in a crowded, dirty, hot train. Then the boating, the bathing, the open-air gorge at mid-day; in the afternoon the adventurous exploration of wild woods and dangerous dells already perfectly well known from last year's picnic, and at last the exhausting return in a hotter, dirtier train. What now seems incredible discomfort attended this first opening of the window upon woodland and lake and river, but then the child forgave everything—even Sunday-school itself—for the sake of the green view disclosed.

The picnic is not only one of the greatest, but one of the most American of our institutions; there might be a whole literature on it in its various forms, from Sunday-school to Knights of Pythias and Liederkranz or Schützenfest. At this moment, however, the writer's impulse is to set down a paragraph or two about the Pioneer Picnic, once a regular summer event through the Middle West, now,

alas! probably gone like the pioneers themselves. It makes astonishingly vivid the country's youth to realize how short a time back the "first settlers" themselves were still alive, the men and women who had subdued the wilderness of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and now in a green old age could sit upon a platform and listen to a later generation's oratory in their praise. Even twenty-five years ago every one west of the Alleghanies was still in amazing contact with the very beginnings of history—that he was once driven to a Pioneer Picnic behind oxen (the ox-span and a patriarchal and authentic early-settler grandfather both intentionally reminiscent of days gone by) seems to the writer now an episode incredibly romantic and remote, worth the attention of serious historians. Picnics are doubtless passing, along with other simpler last-century pleasures, but in groves and by absurd small lakes the pleasant memory of them still lingers.

There are larger lakes, too, old favorites with the vacationist whose very names, Champlain, George, and Chautauqua, it is pleasant to set down. Chautauqua is now a generic term in the language—any town may, so the advertisements say, have "a Chautauqua" for a week—a lightning cartoonist, a male quartet, a grand-opera singer who never sang in grand opera, a humorous lecturing clergyman, and perhaps somebody from Washington are

all that is needed. But this concoction of unamusing amusement and uneducating education is an unfair sample of the draught from the original Pierian spring in western New York. It is true that there, too, such hilarious delights exist, but there is also a fairly serious dose of solid education to be imbibed, for Chautauqua does not forget that it calls itself a university. The Puritan conscience has always found it hard to take its pleasure straight. It is great fun to go to Chautauqua, and to live in one of the thousand minute hutches called cottages. There is excellent boating and bathing, and there are pretty girls. But the best of it all is that flirtation is somehow sanctified if she attends the same lecture course with you, and even sentimental cherishing of her handkerchief next your heart is made permissible if with it she and several thousand other blameless maidens have administered the "Chautauqua salute" to William Jennings Bryan. Chautauqua, indeed, is a world of contradictions; there the school-teacher is no longer a school-teacher, just as education is no longer education, nor pleasure pleasure. They even say now that Chautauqua is no longer Chautauqua, but such views will receive no encouragement here.

Rivers we possess in such abundance that we scarcely know them. The Hudson, of course, bears daily and nightly thousands through its richly culti-



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT CLIFFS OF THE PALISADES

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## FRESH WATER

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vated historic landscapes, past the really thrilling beauty of West Point. But who goes down the Virginian James, by the crumbling mansions of our first aristocracy, or visits a hundred lovely forgotten streams? The exploration of America is but just begun. It is still for so many of us the wilderness. The way in which we try to bring the simple existence of the wilderness to the very gates of the great cities is, in fact, one of our most engaging American traits. Only across the Hudson from the metropolis itself the stroller upon the Riverside Drive can see, under the shadow of the great cliffs of the Palisades, small white tents where imaginative youth is leading the life of Indian and trapper under a sky rosy at night with the city's lights. Camps are fun even if the opportunities for sport are only those afforded by sunfish and mud-turtles and water-lilies. A pleasant last summer's memory is of a small lake steamer touching at such a settlement, named after the implacable and violent Iroquois, where dozens of harmless boys in khaki crowded the dock, calling out to the city-dwellers on the decks with cheerful irony, "Taxi! Taxi!" and, "This way to the Subway!"

Nothing is more grateful than the evidences of the simplicity that is still left in the land. It is pleasant to think that even the modern school-boy occasionally spends the summer as a "hired man"

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upon his uncle's farm, and that impecunious collegians still serve as waiters or even porters at unpretentious fresh-water hotels. (There was one once who gravely announced himself, in answer to an inquiry of a boy at his table, as "Mr. Potts," and as "Mr. Potts" was addressed during a whole summer. Since there can be no doubt that he was crowned with laurels at graduation, and is now the leading citizen of his community, this opportunity is seized to send him a friendly greeting across the years.) We talk much nowadays about the return to the land—but the truth is that we have not been away from it long. Grandfather or great-grandfather, if he was American, was almost surely on a farm, by some rippling shallow river or some clear small lake. We are not really "city folks." Our homecoming to the country is still easy, and in a simple two weeks' holiday we can drink of the very cup of rural magic.

The return to the American country has meant the rise of the American country house; it only becomes us at once modestly to admit that it has risen pretty high. And since philosophy is to be extracted, not only from the simple life, but from the more complicated domestic existence of the fashionable, country-house life deserves study, by preference in the regions near the metropolis where its conditions are what one might call most aggravated.

## FRESH WATER

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A notable point of such existence is that it is by no means modeled upon European customs. We are more patriotic than we think. Nothing, for example, has ever dislodged our lovely native cocktail from its position as the corner-stone of national hospitality. And nothing in the habits of the English country gentleman or the Continental nobleman could furnish just the blend of comfort and confusion in which our rural life goes on. We have grasped the fact which lies at the very heart of luxury—that it does not consist in sumptuous buildings nor lavish equipment, but rather in being able to do what you want when you want to. An ideal day, for example, in the life of a fashionable Long Island lady is when she invites guests to lunch, forgets them, proposes herself to another house for food, and *en route* for it encounters a pleasanter invitation, and takes that—of course, sending no word to her hostess and leaving her own guests to a meal improvised by her somewhat astonished cook.

The two chief aids to the delightful disorganization which now distinguishes the highest fashion have been the motor-car and the telephone. The former will take you anywhere in a jiffy, and the latter will make or break an engagement for you in less time. If your house guests begin to bore you—or themselves—of an afternoon, it is delightful to telephone to a neighbor and suggest that you will

bring them all over to dine. And it is equally delicious to decide at a quarter before eight that it would be pleasanter to dine at home and to telephone to that effect. Such simple perturbations are, as it were, within the reach of the meanest of God's millionaire creatures, while in benighted Europe—if one can trust reports—guests quite commonly expect to eat all their meals in the house in which they are stopping. How invigorating, by contrast, is the visiting of a modern young New Yorker, who may quite conceivably have made his own arrangements before coming, and will be solicitously asked by his hostess, on arrival, if he is free for any meals at home during his stay.

We simple folk may inquire how housekeeping is possible under such circumstances, what the monthly bills are, and what proportion of the servants retire to the peace of an insane-asylum at the season's end. It is really all easy enough, so they say, if you are foolish enough to want to do it. One gentleman begged of his wife just this one favor—that dinner for at least twelve should be cooked and ready to serve every evening at eight in his country house. Sometimes he might come out with guests and sometimes, he admitted, he might be detained in town and leave his wife to dine off tea and toast upon a bedroom tray. But to feel sure that there would always be dinner if he wanted it was the only way

## FRESH WATER

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he knew of getting any comfort out of his money or his country house. Doubtless if you cook plenty of food and always expect to add or subtract a few places at the table just as the soup is coming up it grows easy enough. One may celebrate here the most perfect of all butlers who could always in the hall delay the unexpected guest (invited, of course, but just forgotten) who arrived after dinner had begun, until his place was hurriedly laid, so that the hostess in the dining-room could gracefully murmur something about knowing that he wouldn't have wanted them to wait for him.

Guests in this new country life must, of course, do their share. They fetch their own motors, for, although the host does his best, no one with only five or six cars can really make his guests comfortable. They bring their own maids and valets, it goes without saying, and one host, encountering an unfamiliar man-servant in the hall, is said to have been told that the stranger was one of the valets' valets! Everything, you see, is done to make every one at home. One lady, when she comes for longer than a week-end, brings her own cook and butler in addition to her maid and chauffeur. This is really sensible, for if you have any special breakfast fads or any health régime (the lovely lady in question lives almost entirely upon noodles) it is tiresome to have your food prepared by your friends' incom-

petent *chefs*. Of course, if you send your hostess your diet list ahead it is easier—many people find it worth while to telephone a menu even for a single meal. A great deal, of course, can be managed with the modern vacuum bottles and canisters—one of the queens of society is said to arrive with an especially designed silver-gilt dinner-pail containing boiled rice, dried toast, Bulgarian sour milk, and other food requisites.

Such precautions to insure your own comfort while visiting are, it appears, not merely permitted, but almost expected in the highest circles. There remains, however, a considerable experimental region where ultra-luxurious and fashionable women are still working to reorganize country life on more rational lines. Some of these ladies, for example, arrive with a trunk of their own bed linen, their pillows and their bath-room towels, an obvious step, one would say, nearer perfect comfort for the guest. Yet queer reactionary people are found who say that this is not a compliment to the hostess; that it is, in fact, distinctly the opposite. Pioneers and martyrs for any cause have always met such opposition. Even though one feels it unnecessary, one would like here to encourage these devoted women at their work of civilization. If America in the twentieth century could really make visiting in other people's country houses anything but extreme physi-

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cal agony, she would have made a historic contribution to the history of the race, would really have conquered the social, as she did earlier the physical wilderness.

As the country house rose, as it, in short, became more of a hotel, it was said that the country hotel fell, almost went out of existence. Here again the philosopher must distinguish between the physical and spiritual—meaning, of course, the social—aspects of the question. The hotel remains in existence, it has increased in numbers, and it has been decorated and plumbed and grill-roomed out of all likeness to its predecessors. But it is true that it has ceased to exist as a social arena, as an institution which supplied not only board and lodging, but new friends, sweethearts, and wives as well. If to latter-day satirists of American society like Mr. Henry James and Mrs. Wharton the hotel still seems an enormous feature of the social landscape, how much more did it fill the field of vision for the nineteenth-century observer. N. P. Willis spoke smartly of all American summer hotels as having “too much paint, portico, parlor, piano, and pretension,” and his phrase will even now recreate for the imaginative the agreeable publicity of those days. In some skit of 1851 the same blithe writer proposed some codification of the “rules for scraping acquaintance,” since it was admitted by all that this was the real

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object of hotel existence. It was the real object of such existence till a much later period. The best part of your summer holiday used to be your emergence from an accustomed social groove. You chose a resort where nature smiled and "nice people" gathered. These latter, you assumed as a matter of course, would smile too, after they had subjected you to a few days of discreet examination. There was, in fact, Willis's desired code of scraping acquaintance—you did it through interest in a dog or a child, or you spoke as together you consulted the thermometer or examined the hotel register. Almost immediately you exchanged verbally certificates of social authenticity, dwelling upon your happy relations with Mrs. Livingstone Jones, the leader of fashion in your own home town, and delicately insinuating the hope that your new friend's situation as regards Mrs. Snooks, analogously situated upon *her* native heath, was equally felicitous. If, in addition, you could discover that when passing through New York you had both stopped (vulgarily "put up") at hotels of notable expensiveness, the trick was done—the hotel one stayed at in the metropolis was a much-trusted social indication in those days.

"Sociability" is, of course, a quality hard to kill, but the ideal of the ordinary hotel nowadays would not seem to extend beyond "armed neutrality" be-

## FRESH WATER

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tween the guests. One's interest in modern American hotels has come to be interest in their equipment, the arrival of bath-rooms for human beings, and the disappearance of the birds' tubs in which the covey of vegetables used to appear at dinner. The negro waiter with his tray elegantly held above his head upon his upturned palm is going, too, our only American example of indigenous charm in those who serve us. Serve us is a phrase chosen advisedly, for though it would be ungallant to deny charm to the waitresses who fetch the pie in a thousand hotel dining-rooms, their mission often seems to instruct and to subdue rather than to serve.

Hotels are barometers of all the national feelings; they form an exceedingly agreeable environment to a studious and contemplative mind. Our national attitude upon the temperance question is, to choose but one example, accurately mirrored in hotel customs. In prohibition states the preprandial movement of bell-boys bearing cocktails to the various bedrooms is a delightful example of our making laws and then promptly teaching the young idea how to break them. Even in fully licensed premises we have an amazing way of making all drinking illicit and mysterious. When, last summer, a modest request for beer caused the black waiter to bend significantly over the writer's shoulder and mutter,

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darkly, "Ah, sir, I reckon you want something from down-stairs," it was as if the Pit suddenly yawned by the table's side. Whether such sinister implications do not render the wine-cup more alluring is a question to be debated. A traveling Englishman heard a story in one of the prohibition states which he would probably think evidence upon this point—of a hotel there which had snakes trained to bite the guests whenever the latter wished to make a drink of whisky absolutely necessary.

We do our best, do we not, to make every one at home in the American country?

## **SPRINGS AND MOUNTAINS**



### III

#### SPRINGS AND MOUNTAINS

**T**O pursue pleasure while you pretend to hunt health is one of the oldest and happiest subterfuges of the holiday-maker. No one needs so much distraction as an invalid. And nothing is so easy, if you need distraction, as to be an invalid. It has always seemed that the most agreeably dissipated were the soonest in need of health, and that folly and fashion were the first to require fresh strength. Health resorts have from time immemorial been notably pleasant places.

“Mineral springs,” especially, have profited by this very human tendency. It is the pomp and glitter of Bath, of Spa, of Homburg, of Ems, of Baden-Baden, of Aix-les-Bains upon the older continent which comes most easily to the mind, not the virtues of their healing waters. And to-day, if properly medicated fountains could only be induced to gush forth from Monte Carlo’s lovely rock by the blue Mediterranean, or from Trouville-Deauville’s tawny sands upon that emerald coast of Nor-

mandy, it is unquestionable that their value for health would be almost the greatest in Europe.

This tradition of pleasure-seeking has enlivened more centuries than our own and more continents than Europe. Here in America, as the turmoil of the Revolutionary War died down and life came again to have a softer aspect, people began, in the pleasant manner that had come down from the eighteenth century, to "take the waters." For more than a half-century the history of the White Sulphur Springs and of Saratoga was the history of the country—a long, picturesque, romantic chapter of our national life, mellow now with age and fragrant with memories.

It is a chapter particularly interesting and pertinent to-day, when fashion's pendulum, with its long, sure swing is again making it the mode to travel "to the springs." In the peaceful green valleys of Virginia they are building extravagantly luxurious hotels and bathing establishments, while on the pleasant green turf of Saratoga they have again set the horses racing. Luxury and pleasure are, of course, never out of fashion; what is to be noted is the present tremendous vogue of health. It may be because all gowns are so unreticent nowadays, or because all ladies, even old ones, are so young—in any case, red meat and rich sauces, champagne and burgundy are gradually disappearing from the



H.F.

THE PENDULUM OF FASHION HAS SWUNG BACK TO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS



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highest and gayest tables. There are fashionable seasons of the year when nobody who is anybody eats more than a slice of the breast of chicken and a fresh green pea, or drinks more than a cool cup of water from the spring. Possibly on the principle of no cross, no crown, some trifling ailment has again become absolutely essential to social position—if not an ailment of your own, then some one else's. Indeed, just as it used to be the best style to take a child along as an excuse for going to the circus, so perhaps the pleasantest way to visit a modern watering-place is for the purpose of boiling the rheumatism out of an elderly relative. To tuck such an invalid safely into bed and out of harm's way before going to the card-table or the ball-room makes you feel what a blessing to others ill health, rightly treated, may become.

In the old days, one twinge of the gout in *pater-familias'* toe sufficed to start a whole caravan to the springs. In those times it was the habit of many Southern gentlemen to own their "cottages," generally called simply "cabins," at their favorite cure in the Virginia mountain country. It was a fashion followed, if not set, by Mr. Washington; as late as 1842 the foundations of his cabin were shown to visitors in Berkeley Springs. Berkeley is unknown to most of us now, and we may imagine it sleeping quietly in the sun. But until very recently, at least,

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gentlemen of Maryland and Virginia followed Mr. Washington's example at other places—only this year the writer heard a Baltimore negress of the old régime boasting of the number of servants “her family” always “carried” to “the springs.”

It is pleasant to think of them driving to the watering-places in the old days. “M. Pencil”—an agreeable writer with an agreeable pseudonym—in 1839 dangled before his readers' eyes the hope that the railroad would soon come near enough to the Greenbriar White Sulphur—the famous “Old White”—to bring the springs within three days of New York; but he offered philosophical consolation—in case the railroad project failed—by reminding them that twenty years earlier, in 1819, the journey had taken a month.

Such journeys, however, daunted no one. The same “M. Pencil” estimated that in the preceding summer, that of 1838, over six thousand people had visited the Western Virginia springs. Small wonder, since there were so many of these pleasant fountains! There were the White Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, the Salt Sulphur, the Blue Sulphur, and the Gray Sulphur; the Rockbridge Alum, the Bath Alum, and the Jordan Alum; the Hot, the Warm, and the Healing; the Sweet, the Old Sweet, and the Chalybeate; and numerous others, some unrecorded, some just forgotten; and to all these springs there

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came, on horseback or by coach, the blithe, gay aristocracy of that early day.

The imaginative traveler, even now, goes through western Virginia in a cloud of memories. The through vestibuled trains dash on to the Hot and to the Greenbriar White, to which, of course, our traveler must inevitably repair. But he can still, if he chooses, travel on horseback to many of the lovely old-fashioned springs. It is romantic country. A certain Paulding in a leisurely old volume of *Letters from the South* says of it, "Boys in these mountains are all born poets," and then adds, quaintly, "But they run around in the sun till their brains dry up." Let the traveler protect his head and see if he can for the moment be the poet. Let him see if he can get his morning meal where they always used to breakfast in the old days on their way to the Hot Springs or the Old White—at "Callaghan's," immortalized by the author of *Westward Ho!* Let him arrive at night, as he easily may, at some quiet, crumbling hotel along the long verandas and the gusty corridors of which ghosts must wander, where under the rickety spring-house they must on moonlight nights jest and make love as of old. In such places the guests still seem perpetually to swing to and fro in rocking-chairs, while troops of amiable, careless, ill-trained black servants, living in whitewashed quarters near by, occasionally do

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their bidding. There is dinner in the early afternoon, at about two; and in some hotels by his place at table the guest still finds his name upon a card, just as did Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson. There is a tea at night, mostly hot bread and the stewed fruit which, under the name of *compote* and at ruinous prices, is so popular at all the most fashionable and most modern European cures. If, called mere "sauce," it seems still to leave the bill of fare a meager one, the plea of invalidism, firmly advanced, and accompanied by a physician's certificate, will ordinarily produce a supplementary egg. The regimen is simple, but happily the prices are modest, and life in such a sunny half-forgotten corner of an older world may be very delightful.

There, it will be found, traditions still survive, and "M. Pencil's" quaint advice to visitors—to take a volume of Charles Lamb along for light summer reading—seems not altogether preposterous. The society in such places is good-natured, well-bred, and idle, inclined to prefer Bourbon whisky to the water from the spring, and apt to know a good poker hand when it sees one. The young ladies are vivacious and not disinclined to accept the addresses of the young gentlemen—there are, in fact, an enormous number of engagements arranged, quite out of proportion to the number of marriages resulting therefrom. There is a vast amount of gay light

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talk always going on along the verandas, and no one really very bitterly minds if either the golf-course or the tennis-court is in such bad condition as to be practically useless. In the old days, ninepins on the green, and quoits, were the accustomed sports, and something of the agreeable unathletic atmosphere of those times still lingers.

The South is full of such places, to which Northerners rarely go. That the writer, as a boy, spent summers at one of them, and learned to swim in a great, warm, sulphurous pool, taught by an ancient negro who seemed to have taught Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson, and to be likely to teach Presidents still unborn, are facts of no importance to the reader, but they are, nevertheless, set down with pride. Summer in the South, whether at the springs or merely in the mountains, might be, to the sentimental holiday-maker, a delightfully romantic experience. Economical, too. For example, the ramshackle North Carolina mountain hotels which shelter that proud, impoverished Charlestonian aristocracy have a tradition of cheap rates almost incredible farther North. (It must be remembered, of course, that in Charleston itself it is ostentatious and bad style for the visitor with connections in the local society to go either to a hotel or to the more expensive of the two boarding-houses. For those unable, while in Paris, to penetrate the Fau-

bourg St.-Germain, it might be interesting to make a similar attempt at home in some remote Carolinian mountain valley.)

Presidents of the United States have perhaps been mentioned rather familiarly in connection with these Virginia springs, but great people, even Presidents, were no strangers—especially at the Old White, where the visitors one morning saw Mr. Van Buren arrive on horseback, unannounced and unattended save by his son. Foreigners of distinction almost invariably made their pilgrimage to the most famous Southern spa, and wrote in many musty and forgotten books pleasant descriptions of its life and gaiety.

Something of that life and gaiety it would be pleasant to recapture, for a moment, upon this page. There was always a great deal of dancing at the Old White—even morning “hops” existed there long before the present craze brought daylight dancing into general fashion. It sounds quaint to read in the old memoirs that Floridian families introduced and made popular a Spanish dance—doubtless the tango of its day. Other diversions seem less definitely contemporaneous. It was a favorite excursion to drive to Lewisburg when the court was sitting there, listen to a speech at the bar by some well-known lawyer, dine, and return to the springs. It suggests the days when politics and the law were

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more essential parts of the community's social life than they are now. There was always, one way or another, plenty of amusement at the springs, but, after all, the one chief diversion was flirtation, usually followed by an honorable matrimonial engagement.

What the French term *le bon motif* reigned supreme. It was the era of the young girl; and the Old White, though frisky, was no place for frisky matrons. Marriage was the one object of the summer. Even as late as the seventies or eighties it was said that purses were made up in little Southern towns to send likely maids or youths to the marriage mart of the Old White. The wood walks near the hotel were significantly labeled Lover's Rest, Lover's Walk, Courtship Maze, and, finally, Acceptance Way to Paradise! (Saratoga, not to be wholly outdone, placed in its hotel parlors a strange piece of furniture called a "proposal sofa.") And in the '30's the eligible gentlemen at the White Sulphur deliberately formed an association—the constitution of which, printed on pink paper, hung conspicuously in the ball-room—"The Billing, Wooing, and Cooing Society," a name in itself a pledge of their intentions such as elusive modern males would hesitate to give.

Life even in mid-century days must have been on a tremendous scale at the Old White—a legend

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heard in childhood was that the dining-room of the hotel was so enormous that the waiters served on horseback! This old hotel has been replaced, of course, on a new but equally tremendous scale. There is French furniture now, and the bills are higher. There is a bathing-pool which might have been the pride of Rome. Something of the Old World atmosphere is gone, as it is gone at the Hot, where even as late as the eighties there was only a small, dilapidated, red-brick hotel intermittently open. But it would be wrong to regret the gallant way in which the old Virginian springs have again become the haunt of fashion. Golf and auction replace the drive to Lewisburg to hear a speech, and the honeymoon itself has perhaps made "Courtship's Maze" a useless provision. But nothing can alter the loveliness of the landscape nor the qualities of the climate. And if Fashion now chooses to come in the spring and fall rather than in summer, it is quite possible that she considers two seasons better than one. Where else, to close the discussion, can a lady wear her best gowns in April or October?

Saratoga was more famous even than the Old White—she was, indeed, for decades the real Queen of American Watering-Places. Even now during her racing month she welcomes a huge miscellaneous horde of lovers of the horse and one-time lovers of the betting-ring, and during these weeks remem-

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bers the old days and fondly hopes they have come again. But June, July, and September are sleepy, sunny months, and likely to remain so until the village realizes that probably only as a health resort may it again become a resort of pleasure. But to achieve this end it must face the facts. No modern ailment will budge an inch in a hotel which is still lit by gas, which has no porcelain tubs, no motor-bus at the station, and no restaurant *à la carte*, with head waiters who have been at the best hotels in Paris. The matter of restaurant is particularly important. Nothing nowadays gives such distinction as the inability to endure ordinary cheap cooking. There are very few places, even in Europe, where a really fashionable stomach can obtain proper nourishment. If Saratoga would only build an extravagantly expensive hostelry and announce that its *chef* was the only man in America who knew how to boil an egg, the tide of the best illnesses would set rapidly toward the Springs.

Of course, it may still be doubted whether water will ever really touch the liver at a spa where there is no gambling-house—the balance of proof both here and abroad is to the contrary. This may, incidentally, be a suitable place to refer to French Lick, where they boil so many theatrical managers, leading stars, and queens of society, and to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where they repair the

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high-livers of the West and Southwest; at both these resorts gambling is said to be an essential feature of the cure. Possibly poker and auction privately indulged in may suffice for Saratoga. But its whole general tone of luxury must be considerably heightened. For example, the spring-houses must be done over, of course, to provide an agreeable promenade. The springs themselves will do very well as they are, but they must be prescribed by famous, expensive, and suave physicians. A few first-class shops—milliners, modistes, and jewelers—near by would greatly help the cure.

In the mean while, till some such radiant future shall come, the present hotels and the sleepy town are delightful to the sentimental tourist. Perhaps nowhere else in America does what one might call the country's social past so clearly come before one. The very names of the chief hotels—United States, Grand Union, and Congress Hall (though Congress Hall is, alas! no more) hint at a time more vividly American; who now would name a smart hotel after Congressmen or expect to prosper among spittoons, with political boots at their ease upon the piazza railings and the mantelpieces?

It was President Van Buren himself who by his patronage and partisanship, and that of his son, "Prince John," raised the States to a level of fashionable equality with its older rival, the Union.



MEMBERS OF THE OLD GUARD STILL LINGER AT SARATOGA



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(The Grand Union dated from 1802, Congress Hall from 1811, and the United States from 1823.) And one of the golden periods of beauty and folly at the Springs was the period of political corruption in New York State termed, quite in the Georgian fashion, the Albany Regency. Even later Saratoga felt that its prosperity depended upon politics and politicians. The village possesses a very characteristic American institution, a Convention Hall, the use of which is free to any one, from one of the great national parties to the “Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoos,” and their like. The convention or congress is one of our most notable modes of holiday-making, and Saratoga, with its vast bare hotels which can cope with the hordes which descend upon such occasions, a significant expression of our national life.

The hotels early in the history of the Springs exceeded all previous standards, European or American. They grew, with all the vigor and crudity of the new country, to preposterous dimensions. The Grand Union had a mile of veranda, could sleep two thousand and dine twelve hundred at once. And in this gigantic, tawdry setting politicians, operatic “divas” and dethroned European monarchs—to choose almost at random from the list of patrons—combined to give the queer nineteenth - century American note, cosmopolitanism in the backwoods,

extravagant luxury in a lumber-camp. The ex-King Joseph Bonaparte frequented the United States. (There is a long and not very important local legend of his being frightened by the hotel cat.) Joseph wished to establish himself permanently at the Springs; only his failure to make a bargain for a tract of land there induced him instead to fix his seat at Bordentown. Lafayette, too, was at Saratoga in the twenties, and caused much excitement by "admitting to his circle" upon the hotel veranda the famous Madame Jumel, whose enemies were so bitterly accusing her of being the mistress of the well-hated Aaron Burr. This lady, who later was most certainly Mrs. Burr, was for many years a picturesque figure at the Springs. She lived at the hotel in a state of great pomp and extravagance, and took the tone of teaching elegance to the barbarians—in a day when liveried servants and two men on the box were almost unknown even in New York this was not difficult. But glittering with jewels and clad in Parisian gowns though she was, she lived a little like an outcast—there is a tragic-comic story of a famous local character, a negro named Tom Camel, dressing himself up to burlesque "Burr's mistress," with all her airs and graces, and being driven in much state behind her as she went forth for her daily carriage exercise—to the delight of Saratoga. There were literary celebrities, too, and

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indeed just the right celebrities—Washington Irving for many seasons at the United States, and Cooper in 1828. And always politicians, rich merchants, and lovely ladies without number.

In 1830 a scornful writer, prejudiced in favor of the Virginia springs, asserted that since the completion of the railroad Saratoga was no longer fashionable, since you could go there from New York in a day and for five dollars. Saratoga, to tell the truth, was never limited and exclusive; it was always democratically good-natured and yet vulgarly tawdry and extravagant. It was the classic reproach of visiting foreigners that its ladies wore diamond earrings in the daytime and promenaded its sidewalks in décolletée gowns. (How much in fashion the poor dears would now be!) But it is to be noted that the visiting foreigners as well as the natives had a very good time. In fact, just that pleasant kind of welter of all the classes is what in America we have always done so well; we would be well advised to be proud of it.

Memories of these crowded times still linger at the Springs. To the imaginative traveler Saratoga, even in her present desolate days, is still the Queen of American Watering-Places. If, at least in this present article, the writer seems to dwell, perhaps excessively, upon the historic side of American holidays, and so upon Saratoga as the greatest existing

record of our national pleasures, it is because he is so firmly convinced that we neglect the romantic associations of our own past, and could, if we would, make visiting our own country a deeper, richer experience.

The village of Saratoga itself, not considering the hotels, is an agreeable historic page. The "cottages" give one a survey of our bad architecture for fifty years. And the surrounding grounds are almost the only existing examples of an earlier tradition of American gardening, when the chief desideratum was a smooth green lawn, "like velvet," and there was no nonsense about pergolas, Italian statuettes, and garden furniture—a few nice zinc dogs and stags and some iron benches being thought quite sufficient. But Saratoga's hotels are more significant than its cottages.

Along the great verandas, along those interminable corridors, there still creep wearily a few habitual old ghosts. They will die some day, this old guard, but till then they will never surrender their summer at the Springs. The men, one guesses, were perhaps friends of Roscoe Conkling or of James G. Blaine; or perhaps, instead, they could give you gossip of the Tweed Ring. Again, they might like to talk of the merchant prince, A. T. Stewart, who once owned the Grand Union. The ladies' gossip would be lighter—of frocks and famous beauties of the past.

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And they themselves, though they may use ear-trumpets now, have by no means renounced elegance; but their finery is of the days when gentlemen admired a figure and a pretty woman had a waist. It is pleasant to see them in the sweet, foolish old Victorian parlors of the hotels, all gilt furniture and pale-blue satin. It is like taking up a faded yellow volume of *Godey's Lady's Book* and reading again one of its dashing novels of gallantry and fashion at Saratoga. Those were indeed the brave days of flowered carpets, of romance, and of pink champagne. Can nineteenth-century Europe show any braver?

The writer's net has had to be thrown pretty wide over the subject of American holidays; it is perhaps partly by chance that mountains come in with mineral springs. Geographically, they are to some extent allied, but socially they are of a different stripe, at once more rural and more modern. At the time when America began to "take the waters" and to indulge in sea-bathing, Châteaubriand's eighteenth-century view of mountains—that they were horrid features of the landscape, only to be viewed from a distance—was doubtless still prevalent. The White Mountains were actually scaled in 1642, when one Derby Field brought back stories of what he quaintly called the Muscovy Glass (isinglass) upon the

modestly named White Hill, now Mt. Washington. But for a long time tourists scarcely ventured there. Mountaineering was considered a singularly dashing recreation; the manager of one of the oldest of the White Mountain hotels wrote of his hostelry as the favorite resort of "accomplished tourists." For female visitors climbing was even of almost doubtful gentility. The Misses Austin of Portsmouth, who visited Mt. Washington in 1821, were daring innovators. Even as late as the late fifties a hotel proprietor endeavored to still any possible terror in gentle breasts by advertising that his local mountain, "Pemigewasset," could be easily ascended by ladies. Nowadays every summit of these White and Franconia hills is scaled by rosy-cheeked girls in sweaters, and the terrifying mountains have become almost domestic pets. Even motor-cars climb to the very wind-swept summit of New England; and in the valleys below thousands of these machines dash constantly to and fro upon "Ideal" and other tours. It is greatly to the credit of the air that, in spite of their dust, it remains clear and cool and the chosen medium in which the hay-fever sufferer may hope to breathe.

The White Mountains are devoted to sports. Yet so crowded and elegant do they become in the height of the season that symphony orchestras play upon their lawns and in their gardens, and elegant



A HAY-FEVER CONGRESS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

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ladies trail elaborate gowns along their hotel corridors. The poised pen hesitates suspended before such a wealth of subjects. But the hay-fever victims, and above all their annual Hay-fever Congress, are perhaps the most characteristic phenomena of all the mountain region. The delegates are indeed "accomplished tourists," to borrow the last century's phrase. Bound together by a universal detestation of a certain odious plant called ragweed, they are still at variance concerning other vegetable pests, and bring to the congress's experience meetings a varied and picturesque testimony. It makes an outing at once admirable and agreeable. Altruism is satisfied, for they wish well by the mucous membranes of the whole world; and social cravings are satisfied in the intervals when they are at their ease in a comparatively pollenless air—it is indeed an ideal and sneezeless holiday.

The writer has no wish in this article to arrange mountains as in a geographical catalogue. It is preferred, if possible, to name them only as symbolizing some feature of our national vacation life. The Catskills, for example, so near the metropolis that they were early tamed and taught to eat from the hand, are mentioned merely that they may suggest at once to the mind the farm boarding-house, the straw ride, the buckboard, the dark and dangerous dry-goods store clerk fluttering the maiden dove-

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cotes over Sunday—all the simple, old-fashioned pleasures of the countryside. This is not the wild west of the leather hat-band and the puma or mountain-lion, nor the wilderness of the Adirondacks, where the camp-valet has your bath drawn and gets you up in time to go out and trap something before the *chef* has breakfast ready. This is just the country, the lovely ragged American country gay with goldenrod and pretty girls, devoted to our own American country life unchanged by European models.

There is a deal of talk about how we nowadays live in the country like the English country gentleman. We don't; that is the truth of it—not even those who are most securely in society. To the writer the most significant feature of the accounts printed not long ago of a great jewel robbery near a famous resort was the astonishing disclosure of the fact that a near neighbor, a lady of the very highest fashion, had been that evening "entertaining" at a "marshmallow roast"!

Is it not better to be honest and admit that the real American vacation is largely devoted to candy? From a certain favorite resort visited recently one brought away merely the memory of a huge trade done in that form of confectionery termed "kisses," which appeared to be the local specialty. There were Goldenrod Kisses, Crystal Kisses, and (doubt-

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less for those of a reprehensible looseness of life) Assorted Kisses. Of these the Goldenrod appeared to be the favorite, for during the preceding kissing season the monstrous quantity of thirteen tons of this kind had been sold! This is a grotesque example of the effect of the national sweet tooth, which in its milder manifestations organizes the marshmallow roast, the popcorn party, and the candy pull. How pleasantly it all hints at the farm and country life from which, only a generation or so back, most of us, of the pure American stock, derive! And how pleasant it would be if one could add to the list of indigenous summer diversions the now almost forgotten husking-bee!

Among our green mountains and river valleys there flourishes occasionally a special variety of the simple life, in which, as an archaic revival, as a kind of fancy-dress party, the husking-bee might exist. The Artistic Colony, in which the elect are segregated and live in a rarefied atmosphere and upon small incomes, has been described by one unkindly critic as a "collection of old maids painting in barns." The definition is not quite accurate, for although the ravages of art are perhaps always greatest nowadays among the ranks of female celibates, it devastates as well the married and the male. There is something in the general lack of artistic quality in American business life, in its failure to supply that

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famous “atmosphere” in which so many people seem to wish to grow like orchids in a hothouse, which makes the refined withdrawal of any group of people from the vulgar turmoil seem a little self-conscious, to the unregenerate and unartistic even a little humorous. A poet on the mountainside lying down, deliberately and before competent witnesses, to drink in from Mother Earth her strength and her soul is at once a fantastic, pleasing, and comic sight. And there is satiric tragedy in the story of the gallant retired general who lived like a leper in the midst of one of our most famous artistic colonies because he painted his cowshed and pigsty a certain crude yellow without having first taken the sense of the community as to the suitability of the unhappy color. Legends like these, though no doubt apocryphal, still convey something of the agreeable exotic flavor of this higher life.

One should pause here, perhaps, seriously to record and praise the gallantry of any art braving our stiff commercial breezes, and the real merit of any community deliberately fixing the standard of living at a reasonable and decent level. Having done so, one may be permitted some mild amusement at the resultant poses. The men of an artistic community are supposed to abjure conventional evening dress as a badge of servitude to philistinism; the neat blue flannel coat and white trousers which are



SECLUSION IS NOT ALWAYS EASILY ATTAINED



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*de rigueur* serve to efface them. The women, happily, are expected to supply the element of beauty, and are consequently permitted to dress in any wild, sweet way they will. The bead chain, the pretty jewel (home-made if possible) of enamel and wrought iron, the peasant's cap, and the loose-flowing Algerian robe (is it not called "gibbah"?), all have their advocates and users in these rural domains of art. The inspiration of one painter's art (who is his wife as well) wears, when traveling, a fresh gardenia pinned coquettishly upon a sealskin toque. A poetess has, poetically, a long necklace of amber beads, in each of which is literally imbedded the traditional fly! These things have been seen by the writer, *qui vous parle*. And he is convinced that careful research would enable him to make the picture richer and lovelier. He confesses, moreover, that it would be a pleasure to write for ever upon such a subject.

It has been found possible, happily for many people, to elude art and to return to Nature without her disquieting presence. And since something of the humorous side of the Artistic Colony has been hinted at, it would be only fair for a moment to dwell upon the comic aspects of the millionaire's mountain retreat. This is, commonly, in the Adirondacks. And it is true that they plumb the pine woods so that you may have hot and cold water in

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the tents, that the *caviare* and the *pâté de foie gras* arrive regularly, and that the champagne is unexceptionable. Luxury in a real wilderness, all within a night's journey of the metropolis, is of course a fantastic fairy-story kind of thing, requiring to produce it either Aladdin and his lamp or the modern American and his money. There is an artificial side to it; Marie Antoinette, who would unquestionably have been fashionable and popular in New York, would as unquestionably have had an Adirondack camp. But there is a genuine side to it as well, the deep-seated national love of simplicity and open air. Mountain pictures themselves are what cling to the memory after a holiday in the woods: dancing waves upon some small, clear lake in the morning, dark pines against an orange sunset sky. One recalls picnics where the canoe has been pulled up at the edge of some lonely, winding, sedgy river. One remembers dashing motor-boats and boys and pretty girls in country clothes, browns and yellows and crimsons, all the colors of our unequaled American autumn landscape. The clothes came from expensive shops in town, but for all they belong upon expensive people near expensive mountains in the expensive country. They are a natural part of the whole pretty scene.

It would be pleasant to delay here, in our somewhat rambling literary course, for a passage upon

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country costume and for a phrase or two of self-congratulation upon the way we are learning to wear it in America. True, we have borrowed from that older continent, but the sweater and the Mackinaw coat which enliven the mountain woods and streams always hint at Leatherstocking and Pathfinder and all our native legends of trapper and Indian in the forest primeval. Aided, of course, by the somewhat exuberant taste in dress nourished in our colleges, we are learning not to be afraid of color, but to put on gold and crimson which vie with autumn's painted woods themselves in splendor.

It is indeed with autumn and the turning of the leaf that our American mountains look their bravest and most beautiful, and excel in their gay garb all foreign mountains. In some sense they seem to have special claims upon the fall, which, of all seasons of the year, is the most nearly perfect thing the American climate has to offer. The tang and brilliancy of our October and November air are unequaled in the world. What can be pleasanter anywhere than to retreat from the summer sea to the autumn hills, to see goldenrod and aster bloom, and to gather red apples? The mountain world is pleasantly full of pumpkins and sunshine. The days are for horseback rides and climbs and rambles in the woods. The nights are for open fires and cups of our real *vin du pays*, cider. Until Thanksgiving, all

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over the land, in the Alleghanies, the Catskills, the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, the White and Green Mountains, and the vaster Western ranges, happy people linger, postponing from day to day their coming back to the gay, busy, pleasant, exhausting town. And when Thanksgiving comes have we anything for which to give greater thanks than our lovely American country, our own mountains and crystal springs?

# CITY SUMMERS



## IV

### CITY SUMMERS

THE dreadful truth about the summer is that most of it is, by most of us, spent in work rather than in play. The summer blazes through three splendid months, the average vacation lasts through three weeks, at best, and is gone. The holiday season, paradoxical as it may sound, is spent at the desk or in the workshop, and the so-called empty town swarms with people as the country never does. The city summer is, indeed, the general fate of humankind.

All of us have read, doubtless many of us have written, the articles which appear regularly in the newspapers upon our great cities as summer resorts—they are, indeed, the classics of journalism, and much of their philosophy must unavoidably be repeated here. But some of their strongest arguments have become weakened with time. Chief among them was the statement that only in your flat in town could you enjoy the real luxury of the bath; but plumbing is now all-pervasive. Mr. Punch, commenting upon

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us from his tin-tubbed England, says that now, of course, no simple summer hotel in America dreams of having less than two bath-rooms for each bedroom! So luxurious have we become, too, that fresh country eggs, milk, and vegetables are now supplied to the inhabitants of the remotest rural districts. And disappearing, also, is that lovely traditional woman who, refusing to leave the town, entertained so pleasantly, at a ridiculously inexpensive dinner, her husband and all his male friends—she herself, so the articles always specifically stated, “fresh from a hot tub” and “delightfully” attired in “something crisp and cool.”

It is perhaps the automobile which is changing all this. The delightful male friends who ply her with their pleasant but honorable attentions can now easily motor to the near-by country where she lives, from which she comes often to town to dine at some summer restaurant and to do a “show” at some roof-garden theater. In the quaint days of the nineteenth century it was eccentric—almost dishonorable—to be seen in town in midsummer. Do you remember the legends about those families who, pretending they had gone to Long Branch or Saratoga, really lived in the back of the house and went out, furtively, only by night? Nowadays it is astonishing how many things seem to bring people up from the country for a night or two, and how fashionable



THE CITY SUMMER IS THE GENERAL FATE OF HUMANKIND



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and gay such expeditions are. It is smart, too, to be passing through from Long Island to Newport or from Bar Harbor to Lenox, and to pause upon the wing. The people whom you see in town in August are nowadays extremely pleased with themselves, rather proud of being there. Their eyes are clear, and they bring to city pleasures an unbounded enthusiasm. The great truth is being constantly rediscovered that nothing gives one such a zest for the town as a little time in the country.

And the town—the great working town which knows little of fashion and motors and the country—feels the arrival of the holiday spirit, even while it toils. There are, after all, half-holidays and early closings. There are twilights prolonging the day and warm nights crowding the pleasure parks and suburban beaches. It is tacitly understood that labor is to take things a little easily. Mortality among the grandmothers of office boys is expected to run high during the baseball season, and no one begrudges the lads an extra bereavement or two when the championship is at stake. The town in summer is not merely hot—it is genial. And with each succeeding year it becomes pleasanter as a habitation.

The time was—it is not yet so very distant—when the chief, almost the only, possible recreation during the heated spells in town was drinking soda-water.

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And this is still, perhaps, the king of city summer sports. A leading purveyor of such beverages boldly advertises in all the street-cars of the metropolis that his ice-cream soda "is as refreshing as a dip in the surf." There are, of course, adepts of the fountain who keep up their favorite recreation all winter. Who of us has not seen, on some bleak January day, half-frozen district messenger-boys take refuge in a drug-store and there fortify themselves against the bitter cold by huge mugs of ice-cream soda? But the taste, though preserved in winter, is formed in summer. It is then that doors are flung wide open to the street, while glittering fountains, towering like fairy castles, cast their magic spell upon those who pass along the burning pavements. (In certain fortunate regions, where the tide of national civilization must be admitted to be rising very high, the drug-store serves its soda to the music of a string quartet, and, in one happy Southern city, to the accompaniment of a "cabaret show.") Let those who are approaching middle age remember the corner drug-store of their childhood, with its modest white-marble fountain dispensing six simple syrups. Nothing better marks the triumphant progress of the country, the richening and deepening of its life, than these gorgeous modern sources of a thousand strange concoctions of exotic names and irresistible allure.

There is a vast science of drinking at drug-stores—there should be treatises on “sundaes” (why “sundaes”?) and text-books on the art of choosing “college ices.” Yet they would become almost immediately obsolete, so constant is the flow of new drinks and fantastic nomenclature from the exuberant fount of our national imagination. One has scarcely discovered what seems the most preposterous drink yet when one finds another still more absurd and fantastic. When one wearies of a “soul kiss,” one may turn to a “pineapple temptation.”

Drinking, to the refreshment of both body and soul, is important in the city summer. So is eating, but paradoxically it is almost more important not to eat than to eat—that is to say, it is the fashion to eat very little. American hot weather is really hot, and American light eating really light. Those who have ever happened to be in London during one of those British heat waves which drive the thermometer up beyond sixty-five, are familiar with the elaborate advice given by the newspapers as to diet necessary in such tropical moments. Monsieur Adolphe of the Savoy or Monsieur Jacques of the Ritz is always interviewed; he always advises fruit, cold food, little meat, and little alcohol. He then submits to the reporter a characteristic light menu for lunch, the sort of thing he is apparently suggest-

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ing to apoplectic noblemen and gentlemen. It is usually something like this:

Melon cantalope  
Consommé froid en tasse  
Filet de sole à la Normandie  
Chaudfroid de Poulet à la neige  
Jambon froid  
Salade de laitue  
Glace aux framboises  
Patisserie

If you eat no more than this, says the great authority, and drink only perhaps a light Mosel cup with coffee and liqueurs to follow, you will not overheat the blood and will be able, if you manage to make a decent tea, to last comfortably till dinner. This "snack," if one may so term it, can be secured, so it appears, for not more than three or four dollars a head. In America most of us would be in luck if we got such a meal in midwinter. The problem really does face our *maîtres d'hôtels* and head waiters how to make small meals and large bills synonymous, but the problem does not daunt them. There are plenty of ways, besides spending it on food, of making the money fly.

Foreign cities merely provide charming summer restaurants in their parks and boulevards; we in America perform complete Aladdin-like transformations of our winter haunts, and upon our dull, flat

## CITY SUMMERS

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roofs raise magic kiosks of pleasure. Rooms heavy with brocade and gold are lavishly redecorated with green-latticed walls, garden furniture, and flowers and vines swaying in the cool current from countless electric fans. As for roof gardens, since Babylon hung them above the dusky splendors of her ancient Broadway no miracle so lovely has been wrought in the hot city night. Trellises of flowering creepers, hedges and arbors of box and bay, parterres ever freshly blossoming, pools where nocturnal goldfish flash, fountains plashing, and cascades coming gaily down small, green-clad precipices, pergolas and canopies of multicolored lights, and the high view over the hot, brilliant streets and the town itself flaunting its thousand electric signs against the paler illumination of the stars and moon —such is the fantastic setting which the twentieth century provides for even such simple pleasures as a lemonade. Not, indeed, that roof-garden beverages are necessarily of this simple character—the Orient and the tropics are searched for strangely insidious, wildly named drinks—and the introduction of one of them almost always merits at least a paragraph next day in the local papers. Such things are of public interest, for we all, when summer comes, do to some extent what Voltaire's Candide was advised to do: we cultivate our roof garden.

There is no need for the city-lover to disparage

the country—it is well enough, even when one is dining in town, to think of moonlit lawns, or the long swash of the surf, or the lapping of some little lake upon its pebbly shore. But the summer town is for some moods pleasanter than the pleasant country. Then the fashionable restaurant is perhaps the best place to catch the especial note, informal, gay, and elegant, of urban hot weather.

At the entrance, guarded by a *chef's* assistant in white linen, is usually the *buffet froid*, a cool expanse (topped with ice sculpture by the greatest kitchen artists), upon which lie plates of strange eggs, of exotic fish, and of flesh and fowl masquerading in all kinds of jellied and truffled disguises (it is an international affair, this cold table—a week after the grouse-shooting opens on the British moors, these admirable birds lie waiting your patronage at the restaurant's door). Near by stand the suave head waiters, always several degrees cooler than the thermometer, ready to exchange the polite compliments of the season as they show you to your table. There is no question but that it is pleasant to sit under a great green-and-white-striped tent, within an inclosing hedge of clipped box and flowers that grow as they never do in rural airs, and have friendly aliens bring to you, exquisitely cooked, the fresh eggs and fish and fruit and chicken, all that spoil of the country which can never be secured except in town.

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It is pleasant to realize that by half past eight or nine all the fair fashionable women and all the brave rich men left in the desolate town will have drifted in for dinner. It is pleasant to be in a short coat, if indeed you are not in flannels. It is agreeable to notice that young foreign noblemen and other strangers of distinction who are passing through sometimes appear in tropical costumes of pongee. It is delightful to find what pretty frocks women find it worth while to wear, and certainly not unpleasant philosophically to contemplate the diaphanous version of costume which the August heats make possible, though perhaps not exactly necessary. It is soothing to realize that entertainments in roof gardens and musical comedies in artificially refrigerated theaters can be as well visited at half past nine as at any earlier hour—perhaps better. It is encouraging to remember that motor-cars and taxicabs exist, and that there are long roads through shadowy parks, and in all the surrounding country wayside restaurants upon the breezy verandas of which cooling drinks again may flow. Last, and perhaps best of all, it is amazingly heartening to know that if you like you can merely go home early enough to get a good night's sleep.

Of summer theaters and “shows” in the great cities there is perhaps not much to be said; they are chiefly notable, and, indeed, to be recommended,

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according to the measure in which they lack mental stimulus and supply girls. That famous “tired business man” comes wholly into his own in the hot weather. In the smaller places he is subjected to a more strenuous discipline, for it is the season of stock companies which plunge headlong through the whole dramatic repertory and give many of our leading actors and actresses some slight opportunity to learn to act, a chance denied them during the forty successful weeks of the winter, all spent in one play. Here are—at least here should be, according to the serious dramatic critics—the *Théâtres Français* of our stage.

Music, heavenly maid, should be the chief and loveliest ornament of the town in summer. Perhaps the best thing to be said for the alarmists who wish to increase our American army is that if they succeeded we should have more military bands, more concerts in the parks, and more musical evenings gratis. The matter might suitably be subject for consideration at The Hague. But even on a peace footing the flow of park melody is increasing—in most of our larger cities there are many band concerts, often one somewhere every evening. Sometimes they are good concerts, and in our great metropolitan centers of population it is on such occasions that you get a sense of the artistic sensibilities and traditions which our foreign-born citizens pack in



BAND CONCERTS ARE THE FIRST TRAINING OF OUR MUSIC-LOVING PUBLIC



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their flimsy rope-bound trunks when they make the great migration to the West. To sit under the park trees some August night (in a heat that might, indeed, at once melt and fuse these alien races) and watch queer, eager, dark faces light up all around you, is to believe that we have here in America, from one source and another, all the materials for that “musical public” of which we have all so long talked and dreamed. But nothing so unimportant as music—or the drama—must delay the majestic and inevitable flow of our thoughts toward something greater, the dance.

It was only a short while ago that America became definitely enmeshed in the tango, tripped up by the turkey-trot. During the past few years dancing has been almost our one great national interest. At intervals during the long, dim history of our ancient world, dancing manias have seized upon it. Generally the frenzy has been for religion instead of, as now, for hygiene and pleasure; but, fantastic though it may appear, the present craze for “rag-time” dancing has to the imaginative observer something of the same barbaric and epic quality. When Cleveland opens a municipal dance-hall in one of her parks, it is as if Rome threw open the Colosseum for the Saturnalia. It is interesting to see the mayors of cities, who in modern American life have replaced the Church as the guardians of

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our morals, endeavoring to regulate the dance—why do mayors not visit Niagara Falls of a Sunday and try to stop the cataract by throwing a little sand in front of it? The dance regulates itself, and the action of the national good sense and taste has already worked wonders with it. The questionable features with which it arrived—straight from San Francisco's late lamented Barbary Coast, so it was alleged—have already subsided. The “turkey-trot” has become a simple “one-step,” and since we are naturally, as dancers, a lithe and graceful race, beauty has already begun to emerge from its grotesqueness. We still like rough and tough words in America, and lovely and refined young girls do not hesitate to say that they do the “kitchen sink” or hope to learn the “hang-over” (both sweetly named), but the dance itself has grown charming. Incidentally, there is perhaps too much talk of its “Americanism” and its “modernity.” The “one-step” as it is most prettily executed by us is exactly what you may see the Spanish peasants dance upon the greensward in little country *fiestas* of a Sunday afternoon—little festivals which have not changed their character for a century.

For many years there has been no dancing in towns during the summer. There was an early, pleasant period of it in our grandfather's and great-grandfather's days, when our great cities were still

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almost like villages; it is quaint and agreeable for the New-Yorker to read that in the warm weather of the early nineteenth century they had “hop night” at the old Astor House. At last we are again able to dance in the city—every summer night is “hop night” now. There is dancing on the roofs, in the moonlight, on the verandas of suburban road-houses, and even in the hot dining-rooms of restaurants. It flourishes in winter, too, but in the city’s summer it seems somehow more spontaneous. And the pleasantest feature of it is that, in these free, wholesome breezes of ours, the dance-hall, though often called a “*jardin*” or a “*palais de danse*,” loses what in our parlance may be termed its Parisian quality. It is the respectable haunt, if not exactly of families, at least of young men and young women, who in the best possible way cling to our good old tradition that the American girl needs no chaperon. There are certain of these new dancing-places where, so it is said, an official introducer will, upon urgent application, and with the consent of both parties, allow the forming of an acquaintance; but it must be for one dance only. In the intervals of performances by the general and amateur public, professional practitioners appear upon the floor in “whirlwind waltzes” or stately “tangoes” from the Argentine, which at least serve the purpose of letting the public get its breath for

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the next round. The dance is, to sum it all up, the one new great feature of our American summers.

But we are perhaps keeping too long away from the bathing-beaches; the cooling-off processes of the summer are, after all, more permanently important than the warming-up ones. A beach, near a city, is wherever water of any description meets land. A delightful example is a resort near the metropolis advertising "surf bathing," the waves for which are mechanically produced in a large fresh-water tank which stands on a high cliff overlooking a river!

The cities themselves have at last come to see that they must begin to provide their citizens with chances for immersion. New York floats baths in her great salt rivers; Chicago and the other lakeside towns utilize the parks that lie by their blue inland seas; and Boston has constructed a palatial establishment on her chief beach. But more interesting, fuller of the piquant contrasts that make our latter-day America romantic, is the bathing-place in the New England capital which lies at the very tip of the ancient town, under the shadow of Copp's Hill and that lovely steeple of the Old North Church where they hung the lantern for Paul Revere. There, in the grime of the commercial quarter, by the clatter of the elevated trains, there is a small cove and a little sandy beach. (Near by, just to remind us that Boston does not forget her slums,



DANCING HAS BECOME OUR ONE GREAT NATIONAL INTEREST



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at morning and night floats the hospital-ship which daily carries ailing children out to the healing airs of the great bay of Massachusetts.) And in these historic waters swim and frolic the small Irish and Italian and Hebrew progeny of Boston's three great alien races. There is a swimming master, there are races under his direction and that of local committees of aquatic sportsmen. There is, in short, under almost impossible conditions, an amazing atmosphere of that remoter seaside where the rich can go, and it is brought to the very door of the tenements.

Bathing at the great beaches on a Saturday or Sunday or a hot holiday is on a gigantic, almost a monstrous, scale. The capacity of sea and sands becomes almost a matter of mathematical computation. Land and water are just barely visible—the human body and bathing-suit completely fill the eye. In the waves certain restricted arm movements and short kicks are possible; on the beach the packing literally forces upon the observer the classic allusion to the sardine. Coney Island may stand as the type and symbol of such beaches. It is the arch bathing-place of the whole world—nowhere else do so many human beings simultaneously touch water. There the tide of bathers overflows even beyond the sands. Groups may be discovered, still in swimming costume, sitting peacefully down to

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eat lunch or to imbibe soda, even to play cards. It is regretted by many that dancing in bathing-suits is forbidden at the best pavilions. The ideal of a large part of our population unquestionably would be to spend the whole day in a bathing-suit; the supremely elegant might possibly, when the suit was dry, pull on a pair of ordinary trousers. Such a life permits of the burning and tanning processes being carried on to perfection. The ordinary American young man realizes that he is enjoying himself at the seaside only when his skin begins to peel. And at the city beaches, the bathers, who are all snatching a mere occasional afternoon from work, can afford to lose no time at the work of broiling and browning.

And yet it is difficult even for them to bathe all day, for a myriad other delightful experiences beckon, so tantalizingly rich does life seem at our pleasure-parks. When you have cooled your blood in the water you may curdle it on land by risking your life upon roller coasters or in the loops, or, even more satisfactorily, by seeing others risk theirs in various foolhardy exhibitions. There is a melodramatic richness and *abandon* in the language used to advertise such "shows." Automobile races are pleasantly described as "neck to neck with death"; but they seem mild compared with "auto-polo," which is alleged to be nothing less than "hell's pastime."

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The appeal to primitive emotion is indeed made whenever possible. Most of the innumerable “mirth-provoking” devices reduced to their essentials are really only variants of the funniest thing in the world—the man who slips upon a banana peel. The philosopher will find food for his meditations everywhere—in fact, those who purvey pleasure to the multitude are often themselves consciously philosophers. For example, the manager of a recent successful novelty, which displayed a wealth of cheap crockery and allowed you to throw a ball and smash as much of it as your skill permitted, appealed very felicitously to the domestically inclined in these terms: “If you can’t do it at home, boys, do it here!”

There is no need for description of the various amusements of the summer carnival grounds; almost every city in the country has its Luna Park, modeled on the one at Coney which made the moon famous. Comment alone is possible. One may note, for example, the eternal appeal of gambling—how for almost twenty years now the Japanese have flourished on the rolling ball, the dullest of all games. One may call attention to the ebb and flow of various amusements in the public favor—of the rifle-range, perhaps, which after long years seems to enjoy fresh vogue. One may felicitate the nation on its sentimental loyalty through the years to “scenic” repre-

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sentations of Niagara Falls. And one may marvel at the millions upon millions of money invested in our summer pleasures, and the thousands upon thousands of people engaged in serving them up to us, hot as the "dogs" from their grill or the lobsters and chickens and green corn from the daily clam-bake. There is a huge permanent population at the beaches filling hotels, boarding-houses, furnished rooms, and odd shacks tucked away in odder corners. It must be an agreeable and strange world which gathers together at the close of the day, if, indeed, the day ever closes—a world which rouses a curious man's social ambitions.

The city Sunday brings the height of the gaiety of beaches. The morning has been spent at home in the flat. Even in the winter here the gentlemen of the household are in shirt-sleeves (our national sign of intimate domesticity); in the summer they are often merely in undershirts. The minimum of costume and the maximum of newspapers make time pass pleasantly. The newspapers will, unluckily, not be finished before the visit to the beach. They will be carried there ultimately to litter and degrade the sands. The cheapness and the monstrous size of our newspapers are indeed the chief cause of our national untidiness in public places. We open great green and flowery parks in the middle of our streets, and we build great white pleasure cities by our sub-



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urban waters, only to cover them each day with a tattered and wind-blown profusion of dirty paper. It must, perhaps, be taken as part and parcel of the inextinguishable careless gaiety of the race, of our unflagging cheerful vulgarity. The pleasure resort of Sunday afternoon has indeed all the qualities of the comic supplement of Sunday morning. Half the little boys are still called affectionately "Buster," although the Brown of that ilk has long ago disappeared from the gaudy-colored pages. Buttons and hat-bands with mottoes, donned by bands of larkish young men—the *Apaches* of our cities—are all evidence of the deep influence newspaper humor has had upon our national life. It is difficult among all these gay devices, so bravely flaunted, to choose one which shall be—if the phrase be not too pretentious—enshrined in these pages. But the writer remembers as perhaps the pleasantest and most characteristic of last summer that seen on the hat-bands of the boys of the Butchers' Union making holiday near Boston. They bore the invitation, generous, though not expressed quite as one would have expected in those regions, "Kiss me, Kid—my Kiss'er's sterilized." Concerning tastes in vulgarity there is of course no disputing; but the present writer is pleased by such evidences that our national well of English is still pure and undefiled.

Amid such tumults and pleasures, linguistic and

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otherwise, Sunday passes on. Toward the day's end there are usually a few drownings or rescues from drowning by the life-guards. This is invigorating to the crowds; it supplies, indeed, the sensation which they are accustomed to get from their evening paper—which is lacking on Sundays. As the light fades over the waters, lights more brilliant begin to flash upon the land. One of the inevitable failures of language lies in any attempt to describe American electric lights—English cannot be made to sparkle like ten million incandescents. It is safe to pass from these coruscating evening hours to the crowded trains and street-cars homeward-bound to the tired end of the happy day, and to those few hours of sleep grudgingly devoted to making ready for Monday morning.

In town, too, there have been life and crowds. Zoos and aquariums claim attention. And the parks themselves, with the simple beauty of grove and lawn, never pall upon the city population. There is, indeed, something about park nature very different from what one might call *native* nature. The constant streaming of humanity through it, the perpetual disputations upon benches, the eternal courtships in shady corners, seem to change the aspect of flowers and shrubs, lakes and dells. At night, especially, under the dusky trees, the air seems, to the real park-lover, to be filled with a kind

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of golden star-dust of human happiness and sorrow; the beauty of the town's bit of country is more poignant to him than ever that of the simple countryside itself.

Year by year we learn more how to utilize our parks. They come to have their festivals. May day—with white muslin and a May-pole—is celebrated all the length of May and June. Public-school children, who have been taught folk dances and revels as well as gymnastics, disport themselves upon the greensward. We play tennis and baseball, too, in the parks. And we are at last learning to eat lunch there, and to put the waste paper and egg-shells in the proper receptacles.

We watch others play tennis, and, chiefly, we watch them play baseball. Here again the subject grows out of hand, becomes epic. To sing of bats and the men who toss the nation's heart to and fro might perhaps be the greatest American literary achievement. It must suffice here to say that for hundreds and hundreds of thousands, professional baseball makes the city, with all its withering heat, infinitely preferable to the country with its fourth-rate amateur games.

Amateur games, however, flourish and give great joy to those engaged in them. They are part of what might be called the amateur country life which city-dwellers somehow manage in the summer. Be-

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sides parks there are vacant lots, and in the outskirts always open land—no one's boyhood is so remote that he does not thrill at the possibilities of a vacant lot. With a little courage and imagination even children of a larger growth can somehow believe that the trackless wilderness exists wherever there is space to pitch a tent. Camp colonies within the city limits are among the latest and most winning manifestations of the beneficent paternalism of our municipal governments. New York, to take perhaps the most striking example, assigns to respectable citizens who make application in due form the right to pitch tents in one of its loveliest unspoiled country parks, by the edge of one of the prettiest reaches of the Sound. Nothing more unpretentious, more charming, more characteristically American, can be imagined than such a white city for the populace; nowhere else could the return to nature be so naturally accomplished. The oldest (and fewest) of old clothes do for the inhabitants. Life in such a camp is frankly, but decently, free from shackles. Here in six or seven hundred tents you find the really simple life led by families whose men come out from the town at night, or by parties of young people who thus at a minimum of expense obtain from their vacations a maximum of joy. To plunge in the sea, to cook one's own food, and to dance in the moonlight to the music of a concertina



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PERPETUAL DISPUTATIONS ENgross THE BENCHES



## CITY SUMMERS

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—what more could one ask before one retires to sleep like a top beneath snowy canvas? *Rus in urbe* becomes no impossible poet's dream.

So far we have treated mostly of the devices by which those who must stay in town contrive to solace themselves. But we must not forget that these pleasures can draw people to the towns who might easily be healthy and dull at home in the country. There is a definite summer season for city hotels and a regular demand for furnished flats—at reduced rates, naturally, and for the lightest of light housekeeping. People from the West come East, people from the South come North. They swarm in the museums and galleries till you might almost think yourself in the British Museum or the Louvre. They crowd the sight-seeing automobiles till you almost believe there really are sights to see. And they fill the restaurants and theaters till you doubt whether there is any one in town except people from out of town.

Boston is perhaps the greatest tourist center, in the regulation European red-guide-book manner. It is at once the cradle of our liberties and the inventor of the sight-seeing trolley-car. Here education bears fruit and the Daughters of the American Revolution come into their own. The intelligence of Boston is amazing, but it is as nothing compared with the intelligence of other cities about Boston.

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If you will sit peacefully some summer morning in a quiet corner of that beautiful old Faneuil Hall, you will see all America go by—in samples—and you will be forced to admit that your chair compares favorably with those somewhat more famous ones of the *Café de la Paix* in Paris, from which, if you sit long enough, you see every one in the world pass. The realization is gradually coming to us as a nation that the land is growing old, and that our seventeenth and eighteenth century relics have as much the romantic and picturesque quality as buildings of that same period in Europe, where we have long and affectionately recognized them as “antiques.” There is something stirring in the little troops of city sight-seers; they mark our national coming of age; they are witness of the finer bloom which, while most of us are unaware of it, is stealing over the surface of our old civilization.

It is not altogether fantastic to suppose that we are upon the point of becoming the playground of Europe—which has so long been ours. Once, to take but one example, it was sufficient for a connoisseur of painting to know the European galleries; now he must at least know New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and our private collections. The city summer may yet undergo stranger transformations. We may soon hang our *Ici on parle Français, Man spricht Deutsch*, and all the signs that

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correspond to that pleasantly ingratiating *English spoken* which one sees everywhere abroad. The red-capped negro porters at the railway stations may begin taking courses at the school for languages. And the foreign servants, whose inadequate English we now so loudly curse, may be found admirably suited to cater to our tourist trade.

One way and another, is not the summer city a pleasant place?—and the city summer, if your heart is gay, as happy as any other period? The town-dweller is never really town-bound; if he has a half-day only, he can escape by boat or rail for what the advertising folders so prettily call a “vacationette.” And aren’t many “vacationettes” pleasanter than one long sentence to the country? The year-round country-dweller is the man who can tell you the truth. For him the summer town is one round of pleasure. Aren’t there even “movies” that begin at nine in the morning, when in the country there is nothing better than the silly dew upon the grass?



# WINTER HOLIDAYS



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## WINTER HOLIDAYS

**T**HAT it can be winter in one place while it is summer in another is the simplest fact of geography, yet it is for most of us a constant marvel. When the snow flies in our native North we childishly feel it to be quite impossible that in the South, so easily attainable in a Pullman car, the groves are fragrant with white blossoms.

Just to see the palmetto's plumy crest against the blue of the sub-tropic sky or the orange's gold against the glossy green of its foliage is a holiday. Merely to put on a linen suit and sit reading of blizzards in the North is a vacation. There is a quite absurd thrill which goes through one upon picking one's first orange from the tree. Stories of the old days of plenty in Florida and California, when heaping baskets of the fruit stood in hotel offices for the free use of the guests, now sound like legends of some earlier Arcadian golden age.

The shortest Southern trip has always something exotic and adventurous in it; in a quiet New Eng-

land village a great position of authority in the community may be founded upon a trip to California or Florida. Indeed, over the southern horizon toward the Gulf, the Indies, and old Mexico there always flickers and dances the will-o'-the-wisp of romance leading the tourist on with memories of the gay antebellum time and earlier cloudier legends of Spanish days, of the Fountain of Youth and the golden sands of El Dorado. There is glamour for young and old in the winter holiday, and for the latter what might at least be termed a fighting chance of finding weather warm enough to reach the marrow of their old bones. If letters from "the folks at home" convey the welcome news that they are shivering in arctic airs, the last touch of geniality is added to the Southern sun.

This question of weather must, however, be delicately handled. The only safe rule for the winter traveler in search of warmth is to start toward the equator and to keep on till he reaches it. It would appear to be incontestable that down there it is warm enough, but our own sub-tropics, Florida and California, are the scene yearly of intolerable suffering from the cold. There is a conspiracy of silence concerning winter climates—the Californian infant is said to learn the word "exceptional" at his mother's breast, and to be taught to apply it at once to the weather, and the returned tourist from Florida



THERE IS GLAMOUR FOR YOUNG AND OLD IN THE WINTER HOLIDAY



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rarely confesses to the spring days when he cowered over a lukewarm radiator in a thinly built hotel. It is possible that here in these pages the truth about Southern climate is for the first time set down. The impulse is, however, but momentary, for while the female reader is advised that when she packs her trunk for the South she must put in her flannels, it is true, on the whole, that the South really *is* a land of filmy frocks and roses and orange-blossoms and sunshine.

It is possible that even while the Floridas—East and West, as they were pleasantly called in those days—were successively British and Spanish, an occasional adventurous American passed the winter in the quiet little provincial capitals of St. Augustine and Pensacola. At any rate, it is certain that soon after the land became ours the tourist was seen. It was difficult traveling, and sometimes dangerous living—one of the earliest nineteenth-century years saw a sanatorium on one of the keys tragically visited by a marauding and murdering band of Seminole Indians. Now the sea-going railroad has been romantically flung to Key West across these same low islands and turquoise waters, and limited trains, exotically loaded with gay, chattering, be-diamonded Cubans and Mexicans, oddly mixed with nice old ladies from Michigan, rush to and fro in the modernest way. The modernest Florida is indeed

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the Florida to visit and to write about, but it is pleasant for an instant to try to recapture something of the nineteenth-century days before the great sleepy state had waked at the touch of Northern enterprise.

You went to St. Augustine then from the St. Johns River by a little railroad on which the trains politely stopped if any of the passengers wished to gather magnolia-flowers from the trees along the way. You made your way down the long east coast upon intermittent and spasmodic steamers, and at least once along the lagoons found that the only hotel was a disused river craft anchored near one of the inlets from the ocean, and managed by an ex-captain who had earlier sailed these same waters. That, too, was the golden period of orange-growing, before the famous and fatal "big freeze," when contented planters, their rich future hanging heavily, so they thought, upon the branches of their own trees, were content to forget the old Northern world from which they had come to this paradise of plenty. These were the days of odd, foreign settlers, adventurous younger sons of transatlantic aristocracy, and strange, battered, and world-worn adventurers who beached the romantic crafts of their lives at last upon those tropic sands. These were the Floridians who, even after the famous frost had literally swept everything away, fantastically

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preserved the ways of better days, dressed to dine upon corned-beef hash, and played bridge for a fiftieth of a cent a point because bridge was fashionable in the London drawing-rooms.

This is an almost-forgotten Florida now, for the world and the railway have captured it. Yet for a real lover of the great, queer, desolate, flat peninsula there is always some hint of magic in even the modernest manifestations and hotels. Palm Beach, for example, was built almost in a single night, and though it has now existed long enough to make even the most skeptical have some faith in its permanency, it still suggests how the maker of this region did “himself a stately pleasure-dome decree” upon the eastern coast. It would not be hard to believe that when April comes and the last black “bell-hop”—slave of the ring—has answered the last visitor’s call, the whole phantasmagoria sinks beneath the sands like some palace in an Arabian tale, to reappear when the magician again starts his limited trains a-running and sends evil frosts to desolate the North.

Palm Beach is our most satisfactory achievement in watering-places along the traditional European lines. It has as preposterously short and perfervid a season as Trouville or Deauville. It has prices—if you insist on them—as high and as really exhilarating as those at Monte Carlo; you believe, at least

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while you abandon yourself to the Palm Beach spell, that not to be rich is something unworthy and discreditable, something not to be mentioned before nice people. The presence in the lobbies of sightseeing tourists from cheaper hotels near by merely accentuates one's own feeling of wealth, just as the coming of occasional little groups of Seminole Indians makes more vivid one's sense of how incredible this luxury is in what was only so short a time ago a remote wilderness at the edge of the trackless mystery of the Everglades.

Palm Beach is fantastically rich and idle and gay—and useless, if you like. It is a kind of dream of blazing flower-gardens and *allées* of palms. Its most characteristic sport is the wheel-chair—the Afro-mobile, so called from the black slave of the pedal who propels you. The golfers who languidly dot the flat green seem only to do it that they may make wheel-chair idleness the more attractive. In the same way watching the bathers from under a striped awning competes on fair terms with bathing itself. And eating and drinking here tend to become not only kings of indoor, but of outdoor sports. The games of chance, too, which so enliven the quest of rest and health abroad, are discreetly provided, and in the agreeable confusion of the tables certain ideals of democracy—that is to say, ideals for the fraternizing of the rich—are satisfied.



AN "AFRO-MOBILE"—THE WHEEL-CHAIR AT PALM BEACH

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Indeed, one of the chief recommendations of Palm Beach is the fact that all its gaiety is in the open. The only thing private about the resort is the private car which is ordinarily used by people going there, and lately it is said that even this is not absolutely *de rigueur*. Life is lived wholly in the public eye, except in the few hours devoted to sleep, and even then the somewhat thin construction of the hotels makes the night yield only a qualified seclusion—one is still in the public ear. At the bathing-hour willing and polite photographers from all the leading newspapers give one the agreeable sensation of being able, if one wishes, to dip not merely in the public, but in the national eye. The golden haze of journalistic publicity is over everything. And as there are times when it happens that no one fearfully fashionable takes a cocktail at the morning concert, tangoes upon the veranda, or indulges in what is rather cloyingly described as a “twilight tea” in the gardens, the *not* fearfully fashionable may hope in such crises for an uplift in the newspaper columns. As to actual social mountaineering, both the data and the wish to deal with it are lacking here. But it is said that members of New York’s Four Hundred wishing to meet rich Westerners find Palm Beach the very best field for such ambitious activities.

It would be possible to pretend that all our national search for winter climates is conducted

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upon some such high plane of elegance as Palm Beach's. But the truth is that nowhere better than in the myriad other resorts of both Florida and California can one see what a huge, plain, simple, leisure class ours really is. We are still profoundly democratic—all God's gifts of warmth and sunshine belong to every one of us. There is an enormous deal of talk, both at home and abroad, about American pretentiousness. But any close observation of our winter resorts would show that no nation in the world is so content to live in second-class hotels and boarding-houses or in tiny bungalows where "mother," with the occasional help of some incompetent local negress, does her own work while "father" talks about the climate with the fellow who lives next door. Here still exists that vigorous, if crabbed, earlier American tradition—to which everything which could be contemptuously summed up as "style" was anathema. This is the "backbone of the nation"—the backbone to support which was especially devised the rocking-chair, perhaps our greatest American invention.

We not only take winter trips, but we colonize our sub-tropics in enormous numbers. Old people already retired from active life and young people who have early learned the folly of struggling with the cold have made a really majestic emigration, particularly to California. Los Angeles, which

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would appear to be in a fair way to become the land's metropolis, is reported by a gentleman lately returned from there to boast a population entirely composed of Eastern people and moving-picture actors. Does it not somehow suggest a community wholly devoted to the polite arts of leisure? The country districts, too, receive their settlers, who have been invited there by grandiloquent booklets describing the way in which wealth, health, and happiness are all to be secured by turning agriculturist or truck-farmer. This "return to the land" is not a return; it is a voyage to a distant country, often unknown except in dreams, where the happy settler sits before his cabin door under the shade of his own grape-fruit or breakfast tree. The grandiloquent gaudy booklets sometimes lie; still, it is true that in California water will make even the desert blossom as the rose and that in Florida the white sand of the sea-beach will serve for a kitchen garden; so the city-weary immigrant does really come into tropic lands of miracle. Something hinting at happiness hangs over the countryside in these regions; the inhabitants are not there merely because they were born there; they have come there because of their own well-directed efforts—a distinction which holds good of earth and heaven, when you come to think of it.

It would be more natural, speaking of American

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holidays, to speak only of those upon American soil. But the romantic Southern horizon has receded farther—the winter holiday now takes us from the Florida where Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth back to the lands from which he sailed upon his quest. There is a new South beyond the South—Cuba, Puerto Rico, and all the Antilles, toward the Isthmus and our Canal, which have lately come into the winter-tourist belt, considerably enlarging and adorning it. It calls for mention. It is a region of strange tropic fruits, sad songs of love, the gay, barbaric music of the *danzon*, storied cities of the Spanish Main, and the palaces of black emperors now crumbling in the jungle. At last we have recognized the fact that Havana, just across the Straits of Florida, is more Spanish than Spain, as is bewildered half-Indian Mexico, and that nothing is so “foreign” as our own hemisphere. Even if our holidays only let us crush for a half-hour with our heel an alien soil, there is some magic in the experience—for years all Coronado Beach visitors have crossed the border to Mexico and sagely wondered why we did not annex it.

In the regions only half-way south, where, instead of being summer in winter, it is rather a crisp autumn, “sport” becomes more important than idleness, and fashion, dressed in gray and brown and greenish tweeds and gay sweaters, again a promi-

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inent figure. Aiken, Camden—and suddenly to jump half the continent, Colorado Springs—all are of this brisk, horsy, frost-in-the-morning and wood-fire-in-the-evening kind of places. Here no hammock is swung between the banana-trees, but the golf-clubs are out, the polo-mallets ready, and the fox (once a mere pathetic survival of antebellum aristocracy, but now again a fashionable animal) trembles in the thickets. Romance here is of the girl with the clear eye and bright cheeks, who knows the sunrise and the morning dew, and has perhaps at some full of the Southern moon hunted by its light across the transfigured Carolinian country.

These are the places where the liver has no chance to relapse into its well-beloved torpidity. Life is keyed to high activity—it is alleged that even the operation for appendicitis is in fashionable circles only allowable if it can be accomplished while you are dummy at auction. There is a tremendous amount of open-air sleeping and early rising; the winter visitors are all healthy (or had better be), almost always wealthy, and very likely sometimes wise. The Scotch whisky is exceptionally good, often imported by the sportsmen themselves from the Caledonian moors where in late summer and autumn they worry the British game bird.

Cosmopolitan oases these, where we Americans bring home, like spoil from our buccaneering trips

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abroad, all that we have learned of country-life in other lands. We have English servants, but they bring breakfast to the bedrooms in the Continental fashion and deal intrepidly with bath-rooms and open plumbing in a way never to be acquired in Britain. Negro cooks prepare *risotto* and Italians learn how to turn a buckwheat-cake. The manners and customs of our most civilized classes in America are quite as much in the melting-pot as those of our least. We are still feverishly engaged in assimilating and acclimatizing foreign ways, plowing, fertilizing, and cultivating the whole field of national life. In the most unpretentious suburban home the observant guest can generally tell by the little details of the housekeeping with what part of Europe the hostess is most familiar and which she admires most. The actual results are, of course, extremely unimportant; it really would make no difference whether you breakfasted off *café au lait*, cold sausage and cheese, or pie; but in the interests of international peace and amenity it is a good thing to recognize that something is to be said for all the nations' ways of beginning the day.

We were on our way North, however, and there is more to be said while we linger in these half-way regions. First of all the return to the North is almost invariably made too soon. There is something curiously inaccessible to fact in the tourist mind.

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When the southeast wind blows and roses and magnolias blossom it will not realize that in the North nothing but pneumonia flourishes. The tourist should delay till the cypress has put forth its green fringes, and all the deciduous trees of the woodlands have announced the spring, till even the barren sand-dunes grow gay with wild morning-glories and the soft, yellow flowers of the spiny cactus. Then he should slowly go northward, "following the spring," as the well-worn but always pretty phrase advises.

On the way back the leisurely traveler will do a little sight-seeing. He will, if he is wise, stop at Charleston, where he will see, in its green Battery looking seaward toward historic Moultrie, and in the beautiful old houses which still border it, the most nearly perfect relic of an earlier aristocracy that we can show. A much-traveled English gentleman says that in Charleston he saw, for the first and only time in his life, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hanging in the place it was painted for! There is Richmond, too, and for those bound west and northwest, Atlanta, Chattanooga, with Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge to send one again to reading the history of our great war. And there is New Orleans, still and always our one siren among cities. Year by year rises the chorus of lamentation over the passing of her picturesqueness and her Latin fascinations—year by year she still offers to the

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sentimental tourist a carnival of gay and romantic impressions quite beyond what her tumultuous, much-advertised Mardi Gras can give.

Summer in winter (or, not to be too economical of the truth, mild weather at that season) having proved such a profitable investment for the South financially as well as romantically, it cannot be wondered at that envious regions farther north should have invented the Gulf Stream. This good-natured current has now for a long time tempered the climate at Old Point Comfort and Atlantic City, and within the last few years has very amiably turned in at Long Beach, near New York. In fact, it does not seem to be able to resist the attraction of a new hotel with a good restaurant *à la carte* and a "board-walk." At once it washes that shore.

The all-year-round seaside resort, although probably originally invented at Brighton, England, has been brought completely up to date at Atlantic City, New Jersey, and as such is one of the most important and amazing facts about America. It, with the South, has completely broken down the old American tradition that the vacation was for women and children two months, July and August, and for *paterfamilias* two weeks of the latter. Nowadays it is always vacation-time if—to put it vulgarly—you have the price. The value to the health of a week or a week-end at Atlantic City disarms at once

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any unfavorable criticism. And to stay at a luxurious modern hotel with running hot and cold sea-water in your bath-room, to sun yourself in a glass-enclosed terrace or in an equally well-protected rolling-chair, and to have for your evenings an occasional new play "tried out," as the phrase (reminiscent of the whaling industry and blubber) goes, is to have the rigors of the search for health so considerably mitigated that it need dismay no one.

The statement must, perhaps, be for the moment somewhat modified if one considers the odd custom of midwinter bathing which has grown so of recent years. With the spread of steam-heating and open plumbing it became impossible for the rudely vigorous any longer to shake the snow from the counterpane on rising and, breaking the ice in the pitcher, administer to the virile frame the cold douche which made our fathers what they were—the tub with hot and cold faucets was never quite Spartan enough. But now that we have the pretty invention of New-Year's day on the beach, with larking on the sands in bathing-suits and plunging later with gleeful Viking laughter into the icy waves, every one can publicly manifest his strength. This includes, of course, the inevitable old man who has preserved himself into the nineties by these preposterous incursions. Atlantic City, like other winter resorts by the

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Northern sea, must boast of its band of amiable bathing maniacs, if only to make manifest that the real goal of its existence is a curative one. For though health is unquestionably the solid sub-structure upon which Atlantic City is built, yet it must be admitted that the foundation is so well built over as often to be completely concealed—the unphilosophical might easily call the place simply a pleasure resort.

Atlantic City is, in this aspect, what Coney Island would be if it had all the Broadway hotels and a goodly number of the Fifth Avenue shops lined up behind it. The blend is unlike anything to be found elsewhere in the world. All people of refinement must agree, arguing about it as an academic question, that it is a dreadful place, and yet, oddly enough, it is not at all dreadful, but exactly what the majority of us really like. The simple proof is that the majority of us visit it. Exclusiveness and quiet are not what goes to our heads in America—intoxication is instead to be secured from a great good-natured brew of every class in the community. Nothing is more characteristic of this amazing quality of the place than its chess and checkers players—a class everywhere predisposed, so one would have said, to quiet and seclusion. Here they serenely practise their skill at the entrance to one of the piers, cheered by a band and a raucous-voiced boy



FOR THE RURAL VISITOR THE BOARDWALK HAS ITS IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION



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inviting public patronage for a fortune-teller. You are forced to recognize that they find a real rest in the change from the quiet of their games at home.

All America comes to Atlantic City. The boys who run the stands which purvey "home newspapers" have an agreeable game of judging at a glance where you come from and crying out insinuatingly as you pass by, "How about that Chicago *Tribune*?" "How about that Cleveland *Leader*?" "How about that *Courier-Journal*?" And so on, with preternatural and satiric acuteness as to local flavors and eccentricities of physiognomy and dress. (Their only competitor in the writer's memory is the combined barber, manicure, and pedicure who issues forth from his tiny shack upon the beach at the Venetian Lido and, pausing before the bathers, who are attired in a close approximation of nature's garb, addresses each one in his correct "home language," English, German, French, Hungarian, or Italian, his judgment being founded solely on face and figure, and the way various national skins burn or tan beneath the Adriatic sun.)

To catalogue Atlantic City is to catalogue the American world—indeed, several worlds. You overhear the New York gentleman at the next table to yours, at the gay, smart restaurant, say to the pretty woman who is lunching with him, "I'm going to

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buy my wife a new string of pearls." You catch no more, but you feel sure that this is the least that he can—and ought to—do. You look out of the window and see pa and ma from rural Pennsylvania making their way toward a public shelter where they will feast on a bag of dough-nuts, and you realize in a very queer kind of way that this is the America you can laugh at while you love; the national banner fluttering in the middle distance, whether from a dancing-pavilion, a moving-picture show, or a chiropodist's establishment, stirs an odd but genuine patriotism within your breast.

So far it has been assumed that the winter holiday is undertaken in search of warm weather. For as long as he could the writer has clung to the lovely tradition of the "old-fashioned winter." We all remember that as children we were invariably dragged to Thanksgiving dinner upon a sled. The reports of the Meteorological Office may indicate that there has been no snow upon the November festival for a half-century—that will not shake our faith. Our faith in present-day weather is, however, considerably weaker. The writer once had a rule that he would not start for Florida until he had seen the skating in Central Park—he was soon obliged to give it up, for he ran the risk during mild winters of never going South until some blizzard

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of late March or early April froze the lakes with the breath of spring. The result has been inevitable—the holiday in search of cold weather. The second rule for winter traveling is to keep on toward the north pole!

There was an earlier golden age of this glorification of the frost—when Montreal had its ice palace and its winter carnival, as had also the Twin Cities of Minnesota. This was the time when toboggan-slides adorned our hillsides and toboggan-caps graced the heads of our youth, male and female, more especially the heads of such as never slid the slide. (The record in dress by the non-sporting of the passing tastes of the sportsmen is one of the most agreeably ridiculous customs of our national life. Who does not remember gratefully the vogue of the yacht-cap among landlubbers? Who has not some precious memory of it, worn, say, to the theater, with evening dress? At the moment no pretty fashion of this kind exists, but the writer hopes that soon the aviator's costume may be the favorite wear for traveling in the subways.)

Ice palaces and carnivals are of a more naïve earlier period when pleasure was merely pleasure. Now it has become fresh air and health and sport. The toboggan has been largely ousted by our own indigenous bob-sled, which has met with such social success at St. Moritz and other Swiss winter

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resorts of the British aristocracy that it is now fashionable even at home. We slide, we skate, we play hockey on the ice, we skee. After all, we invented the sweater in America. Why should we not wear it?

The winter may be dull and “slushy” in our towns, but “up country” in the snow-clad hills and by the ice-bound lakes and streams the weather is the kind we make so well in America, the brisk, clear, tingling winter, with the sun bright upon dry, powdery snow—the only weather, to put it briefly, which can for a moment risk comparison with Southern airs heavy with the scent of orange-blossoms. The winter holiday where it is winter in winter is in its infancy only, but it bids fair to rival the holiday where it is summer in winter. It has the advantage of never being an admission of age or illness, but, instead, a boast of youth and health, ready to face with red cheeks and gaiety the challenge of the frost.

The country, as opposed to the town, is still increasingly successful every year. People who can afford it (doubtless some who can’t) keep the country house open—or half-way open—through the whole winter, and go to it for Thanksgiving or the “old-fashioned Christmas” or just for week-end flurries in the snow. And, let it be whispered low, there are country people who make holiday in town

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in winter and who love the sight of snowflakes glittering against the lights of Broadway. Indeed, if the heart is gay and times are prosperous, one sometimes feels that the whole American year is one long holiday.

THE END

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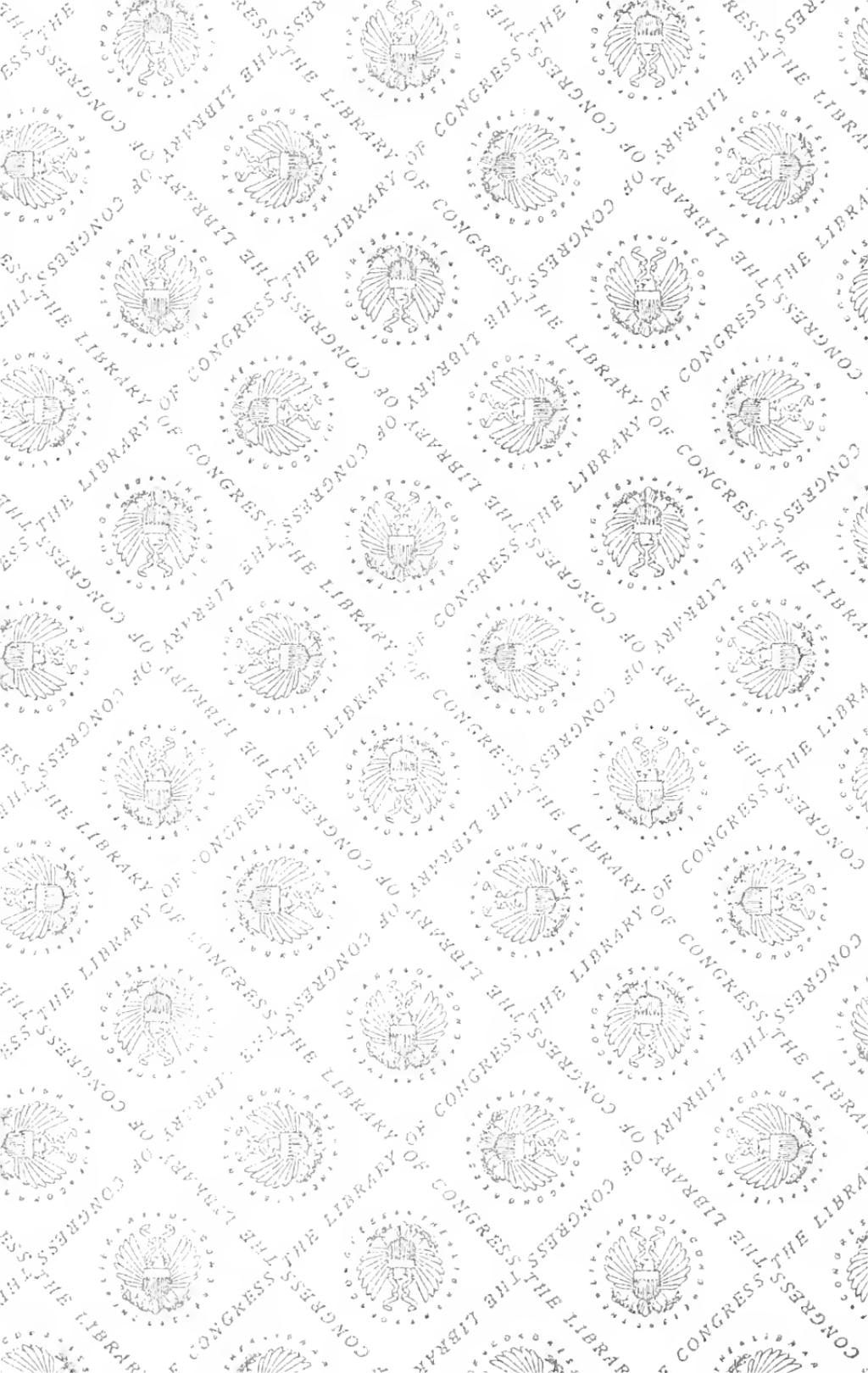














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